

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 90.—VOL. IV.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1875.

PRICE SIXPENCE.
By Post 6½d.



MR. JOHN BRIGHT, M.P., LANDING A SALMON.

RAILWAYS.

BRIGHTON SEASON.—EXTRA TRAINS—

A New Express-Train, consisting of First-Class Carriages, and including a PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR, will run Every Weekday, between Victoria and Brighton, as under:—

VICTORIA.....dep. 10 45	BRIGHTON.....dep. 5 45
BRIGHTON.....arr. 11 58	VICTORIA.....arr. 6 58

This Train will convey Passengers at the usual Express Fares each way, a small extra charge being made for the Pullman Drawing-Room Car.

BRIGHTON.—EVERY SUNDAY.—Cheap First-

Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon.

Fare, there and back, First Class, 10s. Returning same day by any First-Class Train, including a Special Train at 8.30 p.m.

BRIGHTON GRAND AQUARIUM.—EVERY

SATURDAY, Fast Trains for Brighton leave Victoria at 11.50 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge 12 noon, calling at Croydon (East).

Fare—First Class, Half a Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Palace, Picture Gallery, and Grounds). Available to return by any train the same day.

Tickets and every information at the West-End General Office, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly; and at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

(By order) J. P. KILGENT, General Manager.

BRIGHTON GRAND AQUARIUM.—The

Collection of FISHES and other Aquatic Animals in this magnificent Establishment is unequalled for variety, rarity, and the number and size of the specimens exhibited. Sterlet, mackerel, &c., can here, and nowhere else, be seen in captivity.

FIRST ANNUAL FINE-ART EXHIBITION,

1876, of the ROYAL AQUARIUM and SUMMER and WINTER GARDEN.

ART COMMITTEE.

J. E. Millais, Esq., R.A. The Earl of Clarendon. W. Calder Marshall, Esq., R.A. Lord de Lisle and Dudley. E. W. Wyon, Esq. General Cotton, C.S.I. G. D. Leslie, Esq., A.R.A. G. A. Cruikshank, Esq. F. A. Marshall, Esq. Baron Alfred Rothschild. Lord Carrington. Tom Taylor, Esq.	R. Redgrave, Esq., R.A. Lord Alfred Paget. Henry Weekes, Esq., R.A. Lord Skelmersdale. E. W. Cooke, Esq., R.A. S. C. Hall, Esq., F.S.A. H. S. Marks, Esq., A.R.A. E. J. Coleman, Esq. J. R. Planché, Esq. The Earl of Dunraven. Lord Newry. Joseph Durham, Esq., A.R.A.
--	--

The Society's Gold Medal and £100 will be awarded for the best Oil Painting exhibited, as also the Society's Gold Medal and £100 for the best Water Colour Painting, and the Society's Gold Medal and £100 for the best piece of Sculpture. Five Silver Medals and Five Bronze Medals will also be placed at the disposal of the Art-Committee for award for special merit. No Work of Art which is not bona fide the property of the artist is eligible for a prize.

The Executive have instituted an Art Union, and prizes to the amount of £3000 will be distributed among Fellows and Season-Ticket Holders, and these prizes will be selected mainly from the Society's Galleries.

The Society will be PREPARED to RECEIVE WORKS of ART on and after DEC. 10 next.

Intending exhibitors can obtain a copy of the rules and regulations on application to the Secretary of the Art Committee, Broadway Chambers, Westminster.

BALLOT of FELLOWS.—The next BALLOT of

FELLOWS in the ROYAL AQUARIUM and SUMMER and WINTER GARDEN SOCIETY will take place on NOV. 18. Ladies and gentlemen desirous of joining the Society should at once send to the Secretary for application forms. After Dec. 1 it is proposed to raise the entrance-fee from five to eight guineas. Fellows are entitled to a ticket in the Art-Union of the Society, the first prize in which will be of the value of £1000.

Skating-Rink.

The executive have great pleasure in announcing that, in addition to the numerous other attractions of the building, a site has been secured on which a Skating-Rink will be opened. This Rink will be reserved on three days of the week for the exclusive use of the Fellows.

Privileges of Fellows.

1. Fellows will alone have the right of admission on Sundays, together with the privilege of writing orders for two.

2. All fellows balloted for and elected by the Council of Fellows or by the Executive for the time being will be entitled to free admission on all occasions on which the building is open, as also to the free use of the reading-rooms and library, and a ticket free in the Art-Union of the Society.

3. Three Special Fêtes will be held annually, at which Fellows, members, and their nominees will alone be entitled to be present. These Fêtes will be amongst the most exclusive and fashionable of the forthcoming season.

4. By the rule incorporated in the articles of association of the Society, no Fellow is in any way liable to contribute to the debts and liabilities of the Society beyond his donation of £5 5s. and his annual subscription of £2 2s.

BRUCE PHILLIPS, Secretary.

Offices, Broadway-chambers, Westminster, S.W.

MANCHESTER AND SALFORD FAT CATTLE

SHOW.

ROYAL POMONA PALACE, MANCHESTER,

NOV. 19, 20, 22, and 23.

GRAND EXHIBITION AND BAZAAR

OF

FARM IMPLEMENTS, CARRIAGES, AND OTHER

DOMESTIC ARTICLES.

Intending purchasers will find a very large assortment from the leading

Manufacturers, at reasonable prices.

Admission, FRIDAY, NOV. 19, 2s. 6d.; the remaining three days, One Shilling.

Catalogues, by post, One Shilling.

M. H. CHADWICK, 4, St. Mary-street, Manchester.

FOR PUDDINGS, CLAMS-MANOE, &c., &c.

BROWN & POLSON'S

CORN FLOUR

HAS TWENTY YEARS' WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION.

JOHNSTON'S

23, IRONMONGER-LANE, LONDON,

(THE OLD HOUSE.)

CORN FLOUR

To obtain the best,

ask for

JOHNSTON'S CORN FLOUR, and take no other.

MARAVILLA COCOA FOR BREAKFAST.

"It may justly be called the Perfection of Prepared Cocoa."—British Medical Press.

"Entire solubility, a delicate

aroma, and a rare concentration of the purest elements of nutrition,

distinguish the MARAVILLA

COCOA above all others."—Globe.

Sold in tin-lined packets only by

Grocers. TAYLOR BROTHERS,

London, Sole Proprietors.

PEPPER'S QUININE and IRON TONIC, in a

weak or disordered state of health, prostration of strength, nervous derangement, neuralgic affections, aches and pains of every kind, sluggish circulation, depressed spirits, imperfect digestion, &c. By the formation of new blood, and its vivifying effect on the nerve centres, it develops new health, strength, and energy quickly. An increased appetite is always an effect of Pepper's Quinine and Iron Tonic. Thirty-two doses are contained in the 4s. 6d. bottle; next size, 11s.; stone jars, 22s. Sold by all Chemists; any Chemist will procure it; or sent for stamps by J. Pepper, 237, Tottenham-court-road, London.

THEATRES.

DRURY LANE.—Mr. and Mrs. BOUCICAULT

in the great Irish Drama SHAUGHRAUN, illustrated with beautiful scenery by William Beverly, at 7.45 every evening, preceded by the WHITE HAT. To conclude with A NABOB FOR AN HOUR. Prices from 6d. to £4 4s. Doors open at 6.30; commence at 7. Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Lessee and

Manager, Mr. J. B. Buckstone. Every Evening, at 7.30, the Farce, in one act, by T. Edgar Pemberton, A HAPPY MEDIUM, supported by Messrs. C. Warner, Everill, Weathersby; Miss Minnie Walton, Miss M. Harris, and Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam. At 8.15, a New and Original Comedy by H. J. Byron, entitled MARRIED IN HASTE. Characters by Mr. Hermann Vezin, Messrs. C. Warner, Howe, Rogers, Braid, Osborne, Rivers, and Mr. Henry J. Byron; Miss Emily Thorne, Miss Harrison, and Miss Carlotta Addison. Stage Manager, Mr. Coe. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30. No free list. Box-office open from 10 till 5. Acting Manager, Mr. C. Walter. A Morning Performance will take place on Saturday next.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Mr. Henry Neville, Sole

Lessee.—LAST FOUR NIGHTS OF THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN, in consequence of the production of several important Novelties.—Every Evening, at 7.30, FAMILY JARS—Miss Annie Taylor and Mr. Voltaire. At 8, THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN—Miss E. Farren, Mrs. Stephens, and Mr. R. Soutar in their original characters, and the Olympic Company. Due notice will be given of the reappearance of Mr. Henry Neville and Miss Fowler. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s. No booking fees. Box-office hours, 11 to 5. Doors open at 7. Mr. George Coleman, Acting Manager.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and

Manageress, Mrs. Swanborough.—EVERY EVENING, at 7, TWO TO ONE. At 7.45, WEAK WOMAN—Messrs. Terry, Cox, Stephenson, Grahame, and Vernon; Mesdames M. Terry, Lavis, and Ada Swanborough. At 9.30, LOO—Messrs. Terry, Cox, Marius; Mesdames Venne, F. Hughes, Jones, &c.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Lessee and

Manager, Mr. Hare.—EVERY EVENING, at 8, the highly successful Comedy, by Hamilton Aide, A NINE DAYS' WONDER. Characters by Miss Madge Robertson (Mrs. Kendal), Miss Hughes (Mrs. Gaston Murray), Mrs. Buckingham White, Miss Hollingshead; Mr. Kendal, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Cathcart, and Mr. Hare. Preceded by A MORNING CALL. Miss Hughes and Mr. C. Kelly. To conclude with UNCLE'S WILL—Miss Madge Robertson and Mr. Kendal. Box-office hours, 11 to 5. Acting Manager and Treasurer, Mr. Huy.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING.

Enormous Success of "Our Boys." At 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, OUR BOYS, by Henry J. Byron; concluding with A FEARFUL FOG; supported by Messrs. William Farren, Thomas Thorne, Charles Sugden, and David James; Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nellie Walters, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c. Free List entirely suspended. Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKAY.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PROMENADE CONCERTS, under the direction of Messrs. A. and S. Gatti. EVERY NIGHT, at 8. Change of programme every evening. Last week but one of the season. Artists, Miss Blanche Cole, Miss Joyce Maas, Misses Carlotta and Antoinette Badin (their first appearance); Mr. Pearson, Mlle. Anna Mehlig, and Signor Tito Mattei. Gounod night on Wednesday next. Auber night on Friday next. Last night of the season Nov. 29, Benefit of Messrs. A. and S. Gatti. Band of 100 Performers. Band of the Coldstream Guards. PROMENADE, ONE SHILLING. Stalls, 3s.; Dress Circle, 2s. 6d.; Private Boxes, 10s. 6d. to £3 3s.

ROYAL PARK THEATRE, Park-street,

Gloucester-gate, Regent's Park.—Continued and increasing success. ON MONDAY NEXT (first time), SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES. Notwithstanding the brilliant success of GENEVIEVE DE BRABANT, it can be performed only Six Nights more. On MONDAY, NOV. 22, will be produced Hervé's celebrated Opéra-Bouffe entitled CHILPERIC, in which Miss Emily Soldene will appear in the title rôle, supported by a most powerful and talented combination of artists. Mlle. Sara and a troupe of coryphées. The Orchestra, Chorus, and costumes, and mise en scène will be equal in every respect to any hitherto seen in London. Full particulars will be duly announced. Boxes, Stalls, and Seats can be engaged now. No fee for booking. Prices from 6d. to £3 3s.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.

Manager, Mr. J. A. CAYE.

SPECTRESHEIM, a success unparalleled.—William Rignold, H. Walshaw, J. H. Jarvis, Frank Hall, and Harry Paulton; Katherine Munro, Marion West, and Emma Chambers. SPECTRESHEIM—The Majiltons, the Trois Diables, in their astonishing performance, causing the utmost amount of engagement and enthusiasm.

SPECTRESHEIM.

Marvellous Sensation Scene, the instantaneous change from an old ruined castle to a magnificently-illuminated grand hall, crowded with masqueraders, pronounced the greatest scenic effect ever witnessed. Splendid Band, conducted by M. Jacobi. Open at 6.45 nightly. ALHAMBRA.

ALHAMBRA.—THE FLOWER QUEEN.—NEW

GRAND BALLET D'ACTION by M. LAURI. Magnificent Scenery by Albert Calcott. Gorgeous Costumes by Miss Fisher, from designs by Alfred Maltby. Novel Mechanical Effect by Sloman and Son.—Mlles. PITERI, PERTOLDI, and upwards of One Hundred Corps de Ballet. Music selected, arranged, and composed by M. JACOBI.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City-road.—Sole

Proprietor, Mr. Geo. Conquest.—Dancing on the Monstre Platform. The Grounds Brilliantly Illuminated. On MONDAY, and every Evening during the week, to commence, at 7, with the successful Drama of SENTENCED TO DEATH; or, Paid in His Own Coin, by Geo. Conquest and Henry Pettitt. Messrs. Geo. Conquest, W. James, Sennett, Syms, B. Morton, Vincent, &c.; Misses E. Miller, Victor, Inch, &c. VIOLETTA. To conclude with EAST LYNNE. On Wednesday conclude with "The Lottery Ticket"—Alexandra Minstrels. On Thursday to conclude with "The Motto on the Duke's Crest." Acting Manager, Mr. Alphonse Roques.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—EVERY

EVENING, at 6.45, PERLA; or, the Court Bell(e). Written by E. Manuel, Esq. Perla, Mrs. S. Lane. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Bell, Bigwood, Lewis; Miss Adams, &c. MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENT—Admiral Tom Tromp, the Smallest Man in the World, La Petite Grace, Tom Ward, Will Parker and his Soldier Dog. To conclude with HIDDEN GULL. Messrs. Reynolds, Charlton, Fox, Reeves, Pitt, Parry, Hyde; Mlles. Adams, Summers, Rayner; Mrs. Newham.

SANGERS' GRAND NATIONAL

AMPHITHEATRE. The only Establishment in Europe where the Circus and Dramatic Performances are given.

SANGERS' GRAND NATIONAL

AMPHITHEATRE. It is an acknowledged fact that the Entertainment given at this world-famed Amphitheatre is, by far superior in every respect to that of any other establishment. The magnificent Theatre, the high-class Equestrians, the skilled and daring Gymnasts. Five beautiful Arab Horses will appear in the Ring at one time, trained and performed by Mr. G. SANGER. Miss Georgina Sanger Coleman (surnamed the Female Rarey), the Great Holloway and the Funny Little Sandy, and the most Magnificent Spectacle that has ever been produced within the memory of the oldest playgoer, introducing Miss ELIZA WEBER, in the great character of MAZEPPA.

The greatest house that ever witnessed any performance within the walls of this theatre was on Saturday, Nov. 6, when 5700 people attended. Thousands refused admission. Mr. G. Sanger, at the conclusion of the performance, was unanimously called before the curtain and loudly cheered for the completeness and magnificence of this elegant production.

Box-office open daily, from 10 till 4, under the superintendence of Mr. Drysdale. No charge for booking, and no fees for officials. Open every evening at 6.30; commence at 7. Private Boxes, 1 to 5s.; Dress Circle, 4s.; Orchestra Stalls, 2s. 6d.; Pit Stalls and Boxes, 2s.; Upper Circle, 1s. 6d.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d.—Sole Proprietors, J. and G. SANGER.

SANGERS' GRAND NATIONAL

AMPHITHEATRE.—SPECIAL NOTICE.—There will be only TWO MORNING PERFORMANCES OF MAZEPPA—viz., SATURDAY, NOV. 13, and MONDAY, NOV. 15; commencing at 2 o'clock each day.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, Bishopsgate.

Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. John and Richard Douglass. Great success of the eminent Tragedian, Mr. CRESWICK, with Mr. C. Creswick and Miss Eloise Juno. On MONDAY, TUESDAY, and WEDNESDAY, NOV. 15, 16, and 17, 1875, Shakspeare's Tragedy of MACBETH. On THURSDAY and FRIDAY, NOV. 18 and 19, KING LEAR. Mr. Creswick and powerful company. Preceded by, at 7 o'clock, a Comedietta. Scenery by Mr. Richard Douglass. NOV. 20—LADY OF LYONS.

MR. SOTHERN'S

PROVINCIAL TOUR.

MANCHESTER, Princess's Theatre Nov. 8 to .. 20.

DUBLIN, T. R. " 22 to Dec. 4.

BELFAST, T. R. Dec. 6 to .. 18.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Calendar for Week

ending NOV. 20, 1875.

MONDAY, NOV. 15.—First Day of Great Annual Poultry, Pigeon, and Rabbit Show.

TUESDAY, NOV. 16.—Poultry Show. Performance of Burlesque, "Flamingo," by Strand Company.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 17.—Poultry Show. Performance of "Brighton" by Mr. Charles Wyndham and Company.

THURSDAY, NOV. 18.—Last Day of Poultry Show.

FRIDAY, NOV. 19.—Play, "Still Waters Run Deep." Mrs. Stirling, Mr. Charles Wyndham.

SATURDAY, NOV. 20.—Saturday Concert.

Monday to Friday, One Shilling; Saturday, Half a Crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GREAT ANNUAL

NATIONAL SHOW OF POULTRY, PIGEONS, and RABBITS.

MONDAY to THURSDAY, NOV. 15 to 18 inclusive, when nearly £1400 will be given in prizes.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR WEEK COMMENCING NOV. 15.

MONDAY.—Buatier, the Great Prestidigitateur. Second Autumn Trotting Meeting.

TUESDAY.—Comedy, THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL—Mr. Phelps and Gaiety Theatre Company.

WEDNESDAY.—Buatier.

THURSDAY.—Comedy, THE HYPOCRITE—Mr. Phelps (last appearance but two).

FRIDAY.—Buatier.

SATURDAY.—Fourth SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT—Madame Blanche Cole, Miss Emily Mott, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Signor Tito Mattei.

Chrysanthemum Show in Central Hall during the week.

The entire building heated to an agreeable temperature.

Admission, One Shilling each day; or by Guinea Season Ticket.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

Performing

EVERY EVENING, at 8;

and on

MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and

SATURDAYS, at 3 and 8.

The universally celebrated

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS,

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED AND

MOST POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT IN EXISTENCE,

NOW IN THE

ELEVENTH CONSECUTIVE YEAR OF ONE UNBROKEN SEASON

AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.

The Company is composed of

UPWARDS OF FORTY ARTISTES,

comprising in its ranks some of the finest Vocalists and Instrumentalists in

England.

THE WORDS AND MUSIC OF ALL THE SONGS

sung by the

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS

are written expressly for them by the most eminent Authors and Composers

of the age.

Doors open for Day Performance at 2.30.

Evening " 7.30.

No fees; no charge for Programmes.

Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTER-

TAINTMENT.—A SPANISH BOND, a Financial Romance, by

Gilbert A'Beckett, Music by German Reed; after which a MUSICAL

SKETCH, by Mr. Corney Grain, and A TALE OF OLD CHINA, by

F. C. Burnand, Music by J. L. Molloy. Every Evening, except Thursday

and Saturday, at 8; every Thursday and Saturday, at 3.—ST. GEORGE'S

HALL, Langham-place, Oxford-circus. Admission 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s.

MDME. TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker-street.

PORTRAIT MODELS of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales as

M.W.G.M. of Freemasons of England, the Emperor and Empress of Russia,

Emperor and Empress of Germany, King Alfonso XII., Victor Emmanuel,

the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Dr. Kencaley, M.P. Costly

Court Dresses. The complete line of British Monarchs, and 300 Portrait

Models of Celebrities. Admission, One Shilling. Children under Twelve,

Sixpence. Extra Room, Sixpence. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

O P E R A - B O U F F E.—

Managers requiring Ladies or Gentlemen for Singing Business

will find an extensive List of Artists at Mr. R. D'OYLEY CARTE'S Office.

Mr. Carte is Agent for all the principal Theatres in London and the

Provinces at which musical pieces are played.—OPERA AND CONCERT

Agency, 20, Charing-cross.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—OPEN

DAILY (except Sunday), Admission 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; Children

always 6d. Amongst the most recent additions are four Tiger cubs, pre-

sented by Lord Northbrook, Governor-General of India.

MASKELYNE and COOKE.—EGYPTIAN

LARGE HALL.—DAILY, at 3 and 8 o'clock. Admission, 5s., 3s.,

2s., 1s. In addition to the other novelties, has recently been added the

extraordinary feat of Mr. Maskelyne floating his own body over the heads

of the audience in the middle of the hall and as high as the lofty dome.

THE POSITIVE GOVERNMENT SECURITY.

LONDON "HALL-MARKED" 18-CARAT GOLD JEWELLERY.

CHAINS at £3 10s. per oz., 20s. Fashion, any pattern.
 LOCKETS, plain, weighing 1 oz., any size, £4 10s.
 WATCHES, silver, £2. WATCHES, gold, £4.

FRANK FLOWER,
 Wholesale Manufacturing Jeweller and Goldsmith,
 81, KING HENRY'S-ROAD, LONDON, N.W.

E. W. STREETER's late Manager of the Jewellery Department since 1866.
 PRICE-LIST POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

MR. STREETER,
 18, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.,
 having completed extensive and important additions to the various machines used by him in the manufacture of

GOLD ORNAMENTS,
 will supply, at greatly reduced prices for cash on delivery, the following articles:

18-CARAT GOLD WATCH-CHAINS,
 For LADIES or GENTLEMEN, any Pattern, at
 £4 5 per Ounce.

18-CARAT GOLD LOCKETS (PLAIN),
 For One or Two Portraits, any Size, at
 £5 per Ounce.

MR. STREETER
 also calls attention to

THE ENGAGED RING,
 Set with Diamond, Ruby, Emerald, or Sapphire,
 FOR £5.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER, ALRESFORD.—The following are the highest scores of winning mounts in any one year made by the three jockeys you name.—Fordham, 165 in 1862; Kenyon, 120 in 1868; J. Grimshaw, 154 in 1864.

CANNIE.
 A. C.—Try a lotion—viz., sulphate of zinc, 1 dram; water, 6 oz.—apply frequently.

YOUNG FANCIER.—1. The subscription is one guinea per annum. 2. Meetings are held once a month. 3. Apply to J. W. Berrie, Esq., 11, Lauderdale-terrace, Wood-green, N.; he will give you all particulars concerning the Bull-Dog Club.

DISGUSTED.—We have received other letters on the subject, and if, on inquiry, we find your complaint correct, we will expose the affair.

X. X.—You will find the following improve his coat:—Lime water, half a pint; linseed oil, half a pint; carbonate of soda, 1 oz. Rub the above well in, leave it on three days, then wash off with soft soap. Apply again ten days afterwards if necessary.

OUR SPORTING CALENDAR.

FRIDAY, NOV. 12.—Liverpool Autumn Meeting (last day). Coursing at East Neston continued. Coursing at Corner House, Cumberland. Cambridge Freshmen's Sports. Queen's College (Oxford) Sports.

SATURDAY, NOV. 13.—Bidwood Coursing Meeting. Bicycle-Match between Stanton and Thuliet at the Alexandra Palace. Boat-Race on the Tyne for £60, between Robson and McKenzie. Football—At Brighton, the College v. Hurst College; at Balham, Clapham Rovers v. Civil Service; at Cambridge, University Rugby Union v. Haileybury College. Oxford University Freshmen's Sports. Cambridge University Freshmen's Sports—Open events, 200 Yards and Mile Handicaps. Meet of Dark Blue (Oxford University) Bicycle Club at head-quarters, 2 p.m.—Cambridge University Bicycle Club, Castle-hill for Huntingdon. Spartan Harriers—racing run. Railway Clearing House Harriers—ordinary run. South London Harriers—cross-country run. Thames Hare and Hounds—ordinary run. Cheshire Tally-Ho Hare and Hounds.

SUNDAY, NOV. 14.—Bordeaux and Auteuil Race Meetings.

MONDAY, NOV. 15.—Sale of Horses by Messrs. Tattersall at Albert-gate. Oxford Freshmen's Sports concluded. Emmanuel College Cambridge—Open event—440-Yards Handicap. Joe Sadler and R. W. Boyd scull for £400 and Championship, Putney to Mortlake. Billiard-Match in town between W. Cook (ex-champion) and J. Roberts, jun. (champion). Leinster Club, Gedney-hill, and French Drove Coursing Meetings commence. Trotting races at Muswell-hill.

TUESDAY, NOV. 16.—Shrewsbury Meeting commences. Tarleton (Lancashire), Upper Annandale (Moffat), Southport Intermediate, South of England Club (Amenbury), Everleigh Club, West Teviotdale (Open) (Hawick), and Scarborough Coursing Meetings. Sculling-Match from Putney to Mortlake, for £200, between Brian and Strong.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 17.—Shrewsbury Meeting (second day). New College (Oxford) Athletic Sports. St. John's College (Cambridge) open event—300 Yards Handicap. Billiard-Match at Skipton between J. Roberts, jun. (champion) and L. Kilkeany (champion of Yorkshire). Dark-Blue Bicycle Club, at head-quarters, 1 p.m. Cambridge University Bicycle Club, Jesus College Gate, for Newmarket. Dunlavin and Altcar Club Coursing Meetings open.

THURSDAY, NOV. 18.—Shrewsbury Meeting (third day). Balliol College (Oxford) Sports. Combermere, West Herefordshire (Bredwardine), Askham (Knipscar), and Renfrewshire Club Coursing Meetings open.

FRIDAY, NOV. 19.—Shrewsbury Meeting (last day). Sheppy Club Coursing Meeting opens. Balliol College (Oxford) Sports concluded. Pembroke College (Cambridge), open event, Mile Handicap.

SATURDAY, NOV. 20.—London Athletic Club Meeting at Lillie-bridge. King's and Third Trinity College (Cambridge), open event, 880-Yards Handicap. South London Harriers Annual Dinner. Surrey Athletic Club Handicap Steeplechase. Hercules and Sons of the Thames Rowing Clubs, Eight-Oared Match, Putney to Barnes. Mersey Bowmen's Archery Meeting—Eighth Target. Dark Blue Bicycle Club, at head-quarters, 1.30 p.m. Cambridge University Bicycle Club, Queen's Bridge for Longstowe.

*** Circular Notes; Reviews of *Baily's Magazine*; Shooting: its appliances and Practice; and the "Historian's Hornbook," Part VIII.—"The Chambermaid," are in type, and will appear next week.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.
 LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1875.

MR. BRIGHT AS A FISHERMAN.

"Ay, mon," remarked a Scotch ghillie, standing some six feet six in his brogues, "but, for a little body, he makes a gude cast." The object of this comment was no less a personage than Mr. John Bright, M.P., who was standing middle-deep in the Tay, and doing his utmost to get his fly over a "pauky fash" that had twice broken the water some eight-and-twenty yards off under the opposite bank. And, although we men of moderate mould may possibly take exception to the phrase "little body," seeing that the member for Birmingham is a burly sportsman, it must be confessed that the Highlander's compliment was well deserved. There is no more genuine angler than Mr. Bright—no one who loves the sport more keenly or pursues it with greater enthusiasm; and, in sooth, few men of his inches that we ever saw can put out a longer or straighter line. Of course, if you were the Laird of N—, who stands six feet seven in his stockings and wields a twenty-two-foot rod with the same ease that you or I would handle a seventeen-ditto greenheart, or possessed the skill of the redoubtable Pat Hearne, who, it is on record, once made a cast of forty-two yards—though we should like to see it done—you could cover a fairish stretch of water; but, among ordinary mortals, he who can put out from

twenty-seven to thirty yards of line straight from the end of his rod—as Mr. Bright can do—is no common fisherman. Tweed, Tay, and Spey can tell of his piscatorial prowess, and, considering that he is a hard worker during eleven long months of the year, with but few opportunities of open-air exercise, he has few equals in this branch of sport. On an emergency Mr. Bright will condescend to trout-fishing, but salmon-fishing is his favourite amusement, and few of those who have ever tasted the ecstatic delights of this glorious pursuit will ever be persuaded to descend to a meaner quarry. The wild pulsation that heralds the first "boil" of the rising fish—the thrill that quickens through every nerve as the steel is struck home—the first fierce rush of the angry fish as he feels the restraint of the tightening line—these are joys that must be realised to be properly appreciated. Our Engraving depicts Mr. Bright indulging in his favourite pursuit in the Vale of St. John, near Keswick—a noted salmon-river abounding with fish, though they do not run so large here as in some of the Scotch waters. He has just hooked a "big'un," and the bending rod and taut line show that the struggle for life or death has commenced. We can almost hear in imagination the whirr of the reel, the singing of the line, that vibrates like a harp string, and mark the despairing plunge of the gallant fish as he dashes headlong up stream in the vain attempt to disengage the cruel wire. Hold on, for dear life! If he once reaches yonder boulder, for which he is making, all is lost. But he is in the hands of one who does not need to be taught his business. Up goes the point of the trusty rod, the line cuts the water like a knife—there is a momentary pause—but the combined pressure, firm yet yielding, does its work, and the beaten fish, aggravated to torments, springs high in air. When within a yard of his lair the point of the rod is momentarily lowered, again raised as the salmon descends to the surface with an angry lash of his tail, and the strain is never for an instant relaxed. Another mad rush—and yet another—but each is met by the same light but controlling hand; and then, with a last despairing effort, he tears back under the angler's feet, in the vain hope that the slackening line will release the fatal hook from his jaws. Quick as lightning the slack is wound up, and the old cruel pressure is brought to bear as the baffled salmon reaches the end of his run. All is now over. The good fish, exhausted and enfeebled by his struggles, is gradually towed into shore, and, as he turns up his silver side, falls a resistless prey to the ready gaff. Let us trust that his obsequies are duly celebrated with a copious libation! Sir Wilfrid Lawson would scarcely grudge either angler or ghillie a modest sip on such an auspicious occasion.

But the end is near at hand. Even in the "latest" rivers the salmon-fishing must come to a close in the course of a day or two, and the good rods and variegated lures must be laid aside until returning spring once more brings up the "fresh-run" fish from the sea. In the meantime we must console ourselves with contemplating the ruddy "Dutchmen"—Are they always "Dutchmen," we wonder?—on the fishmongers' marble slabs, and wait patiently yet hopefully, for the sport that is in store for us. May it be!

HACKLE.

Music.

Music intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday.

Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—HANDEL'S "ESTHER."

The concert given at the Alexandra Palace, on Saturday last, was, beyond all comparison, the most interesting of all that have been given during the present year. It was entirely devoted to the performance of the first oratorio ever composed by Handel—a work which, strange to say, had not previously been performed since the year 1757, two years before the death of the great father of the present form of oratorio. Had this oratorio been a feeble effort, bespeaking the immaturity of those creative powers which were afterwards to be stupendously manifested, there might have been some excuse for the apathy with which it has been regarded by the Sacred Harmonic Society, the directors of musical festivals, and other persons to whom the public look for the guardianship of valuable traditions and the culture of taste. The fact is, that *Esther* is a noble work, worthy of Handel's best day; and on its own merits alone deserves to be guarded from oblivion. As the first of that illustrious series of oratorios which have made the name of Handel famous for all time, it presents a personal and psychological interest of a special kind, apart from merely musical considerations. It is clear that Handel was, at the outset of his career as an oratorio writer, as thoroughly a master of his craft, as at any subsequent period. *Esther* contains no number of equal grandeur with the Hallelujah Chorus in *The Messiah*, one of the noblest instances of creative genius in existence; but the finale to the earlier work is scarcely less sublime in conception and elaboration; and many other portions, while specially interesting as presages of musical effects developed in subsequent works, are in themselves delightful illustrations of Handel's genius.

Handel's original score was written for first and second violins, double-basses, and oboes, horns and violas being only introduced in the accompaniment to the chorus "Jehovah crowned." On Saturday last, additional accompaniments were used, which had been written for the occasion by Mr. Halberstadt, a member of the Alexandra Palace orchestra, who has already done good work as an original composer. His execution of a delicate and responsible task merits the warmest praise. We have always objected, and shall always object, to any such interferences with the original ideas of a composer as involve a change of the form and destination of his work. Thus, we object to an instrumental quartet being played by sixty-four players; and protest against a pianoforte Nocturne, by Chopin, being turned into a violin solo by Herr Wilhelmj. Mr. Halberstadt has done his work in a reverential spirit, and has strictly kept to the harmonic chords and modulations of the original, without venturing to imitate the profanity of the modern German "adapters," who profess to be able to show what such men as Handel and Beethoven would have written were they now living; and impudently interpolate ideas of their own amongst the ideas of men whose shoestrings they are not worthy to loose. With such a large and powerful body of voices as the Alexandra Palace choir to give grand effect to the superb choral music of *Esther*, it became necessary to provide an instrumental counterpoise by strengthening the orchestral score, and Mr. Halberstadt has skilfully employed his orchestral knowledge in adding parts for the violoncellos, horns, trombones, and other instruments, without changing a single note of the original harmony. The bass trombone was, unfortunately, in the hands of a player who is gifted with so powerful a tone that his instrument at times was unpleasantly predominant. This was the only blemish in the general effect; and, this apart, the orchestral accompaniments, both in their construction and their execution by the fine band

of the palace, left nothing to be desired. The vocal solos were intrusted to Madame Nouver, Miss Enriquez, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Guy, and Mr. Wadmore, who all acquitted themselves well. The Alexandra Palace choir did full justice to their share of the performance, and the recitatives were accompanied by Mr. Frederic Archer on the organ with admirable taste and judgment. Mr. Weist Hill conducted in masterly style, and the performance was received by a very large audience with enthusiastic applause. At the conclusion a cheer was given for Mr. Weist Hill, and Mr. Halberstadt was also rewarded with a unanimous call to the front. The performance of this oratorio reflects great credit on the spirit and good taste of the Alexandra Palace musical managers, and gives a happy omen of future successes.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

On Monday last these delightful entertainments were recommenced at St. James's Hall, which has been partially renovated, and looks the better for it. The programme consisted of seven pieces, as follow:—

PART I.	
Quartet, in C minor, op. 18 (No. 4)	Beethoven.
New Songs: "Dancing lightly comes the summer"	Sterndale
"Maiden mine"	Bennett.
Sonata, in C major, op. 53 (dedicated to Count Waldstein), pianoforte	Beethoven.
PART II.	
Trio, in D minor, op. 6, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello ..	Bargie.
Air, "Un aura amorosa" (Cosi fan Tutti)	Mozart.
Quartet in D minor, op. 76 (No. 2)	Haydn.

The quartets were played by Herr Wilhelmj, Mr. Ries, Mr. Zerbini, and Mr. Daubert. The solo pianiste was Madame Essipoff, whose playing more closely recalls the finish, grace, power, and sentiment of Madame Arabella Goddard than has that of any other pianiste whom we have heard since the departure of the great English performer whose absence we still deplore. She and her instrumental coadjutors were warmly applauded; and a hearty reception was given to Mr. William Shakespeare, who sang Bennett's beautiful songs charmingly, accompanied by Sir Julius Benedict. The enjoyment of the performance was greatly enhanced by the admirable analytical programme which was provided. These programmes are powerful adjuncts to the attractions of the Monday Popular Concerts. Full of sound criticisms, based on thorough knowledge, they impart instruction in a popular and acceptable form, and form a collective mass of analytical criticism, unequalled in value and extent.

CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

The success of the Carl Rosa Company at Birmingham last week was without precedent. On some days every stall, box, and dress-circle seat was booked before noon; and wealthy amateurs paid heavily for seats up in the stage "flies." This week, at Sheffield, a similar success has been made. The *Sheffield Independent* says:—"It is very much to be doubted whether Messrs. Gye or Mapleson ever went the round of the country with companies more generally efficient than the one which is just now honouring Sheffield with a visit;" and speaks in high terms of Miss Rose Hersee's bright voice and graceful acting, Mdle. Torriani's artistic finish, Miss Yorke's fine contralto voice, Mr. Santley's magnificent declamation, Mr. Campobello's enthusiastic reception as Almaviva, and the splendid execution of the orchestral accompaniments. The house has been filled to overflowing every night.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA COMPANY.

The provincial tour of Mr. Mapleson's company commenced, on Monday last, at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool. The *Liverpool Daily Post*, in reviewing the performance of Gounod's *Faust*, speaks of Madame Christine Nilsson's Marguerite as a "simply perfect art-study;" and says, "in look, action, and voice, she was the living embodiment of the poet's ideal; and in the execution of the music, by her faultless vocalisation and clearness and purity of intonation, she attained a combination of excellencies which, we fear, we shall never see or hear again." Madame Trebelli and Signor Galassi also received praise; but the rest of the company are severely criticised; and it appears that the chorus sang "coarsely and incorrectly," and were hissed after the popular "Soldiers' Chorus." Madame Christine Nilsson will have uphill work to draw a succession of large audiences under such circumstances.

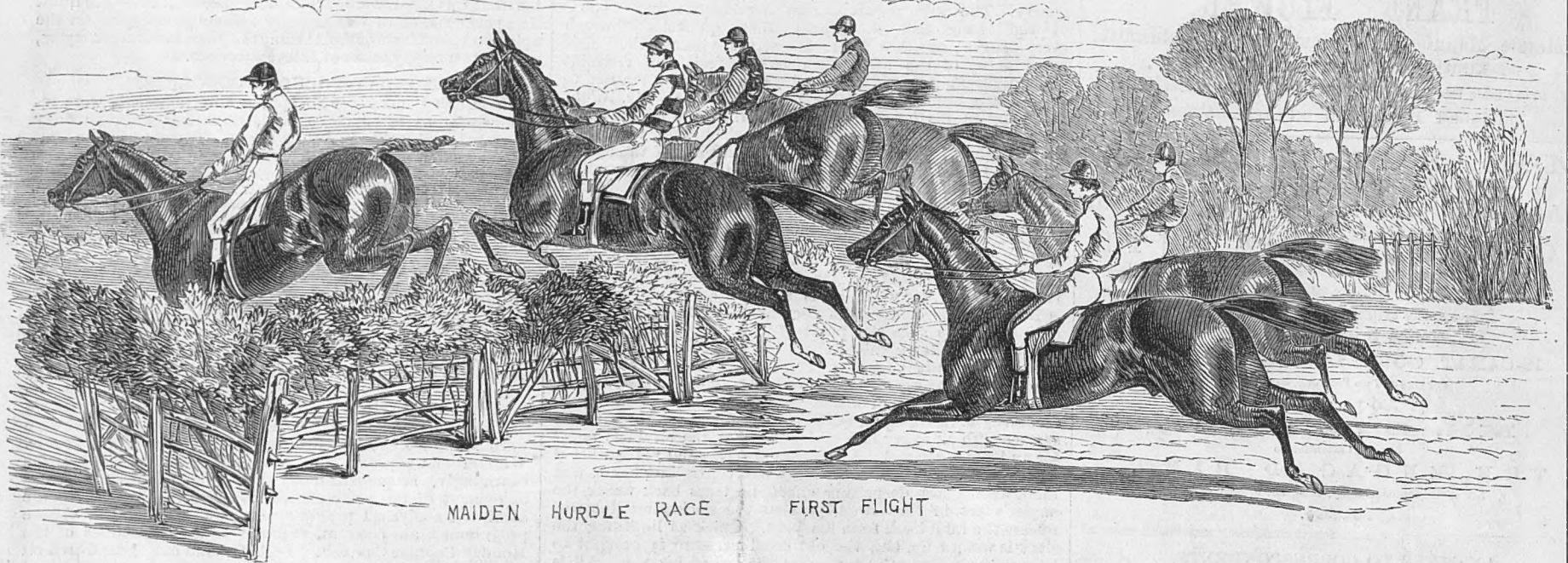
THE SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS will commence to-day at three p.m. The Monday Popular Concerts will cease after Monday, Dec. 13, for the usual winter recess. After Christmas Signor Piatti will resume his post as principal violoncello.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—At last Saturday's concert an important novelty was produced; the fourth symphony, in G minor, of Joachim Raff, whose fifth symphony ("Lenore") made a considerable sensation last season. A work so important can scarcely be fairly judged at one hearing; but it is only just to say that the first hearing encouraged a desire for repetition, and that the symphony, though more remarkable for boldness of treatment than gracefulness of melody, shows the handiwork of a master. The programme also contained Sterndale Bennett's *Parisina* and Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas* overtures, Beethoven's E flat concerto—with an admirable pianiste, Mdle. Anna Mehlig—and vocal music by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Mdle. Bunsen. The concert, which was ably directed by Mr. Manns, gave general satisfaction.

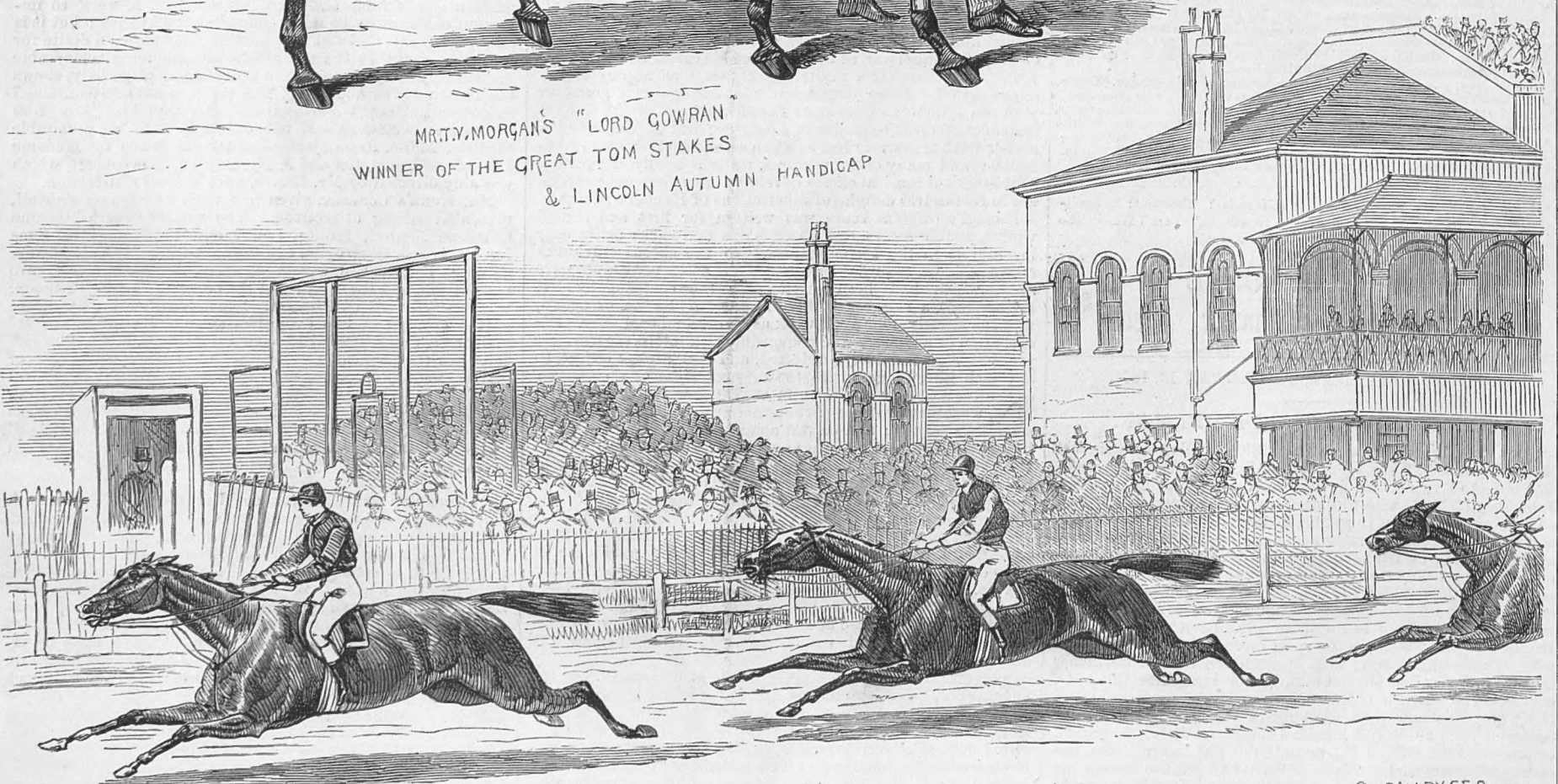
MR. KUHE'S CONCERT, given last week at St. James's Hall, presented strong attractions. The vocalists were Madame Christine Nilsson, Mdles. Levier and Fairman, MM. Sims Reeves, Lloyd, Caravoglia, and Foli; with MM. Kuhe, Ganz, Sainton, Pague, and Cowen as instrumentalists. All gave satisfaction, and the "star" of the concert, Christine Nilsson, was received with enthusiasm. She made the great successes of the evening in two delightful songs, "I fear thy kisses" and "Sweet marriage bells," composed by Mr. J. W. Davison. They are the work of a sympathetic musician, whose gift of original melody is accompanied by the power of writing skilful and picturesque accompaniments. Mr. J. W. Davison's setting of Shelley's "Swifter far than swallow's flight," is one of the most felicitous examples of music "married to immortal verse," and we hail with gratification his reappearance among modern composers.

ACCIDENT TO THE MARQUIS OF WATERFORD.—The Marquis of Waterford met with a serious accident in the hunting-field, on Monday evening, at the close of a run with the Curraghmore hounds. His Lordship lifted his horse from the road to a stiff fence, the fore-feet slipped, and the Marquis was pitched forward into the field from the left side of the saddle. The animal scrambled over, and, landing partly on his head, fell backwards on the Marquis, who, when released from the weight of the beast, was found to be insensible, in which state he remained for several minutes. After a short time his Lordship, who refused several offers of vehicles, remounted and rode back into Waterford.

WORMS IN DOGS.—Important testimony to the excellence of Naldre's Powders. "Scalford, near Melton Mowbray, Jan. 7, 1871.—Keeping as I do so many valuable mastiffs, probably as many as any breeder in England—I have used Naldre's Powders, and consider them an effectual, speedy, and safe remedy for dogs.—(Signed) M. B. Wynne." Naldre's Powders are sold in packets, price 2s., 3s. 6d., and 5s., by all Chemists, and by Barclay and Sons, 95, Farringdon-street. [Advt.]



MR. T. V. MORGAN'S "LORD GOWRAN"
WINNER OF THE GREAT TOM STAKES
& LINCOLN AUTUMN HANDICAP



**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

success of the evening was achieved by Miss Ellen Terry by her touching and truly sympathetic delineation of the sorrows of the deserted wife, Mabel Vane. Mr. Coghlan represented Sir Charles Pomander with gentlemanly ease and careful finish; Mr. Archer was somewhat too tame and serious as Ernest Vane. The actors Colley Cibber and Mr. Quin, and the critics Snarl and Soaper, were efficiently represented—the former by Messrs. A. Wood and Teesdale, and the latter by Messrs. Dewar and Glover. Miss Maggie Brennan enacted the part of Kitty Olive with amusing vivacity and pertness; and the subordinate parts were well supported. The comedy was received with marked favour, indicative of a lengthened run.

ROYAL ALHAMBRA.

NEW BALLET D'ACTION.

Mr. Cave is determined that the reputation which this theatre has long and deservedly enjoyed for the beauty and elegance of its ballets shall suffer no tarnish while under his direction. The new ballet d'action, produced here on Monday evening under the title of *The Flower Queen*, is a charming specimen of this style of entertainment, and, for gracefulness and refinement of its general design, elegant costumes, and picturesque groupings, recalls the halcyon days, or rather nights, at Her Majesty's Theatre, when under the direction of the late Mr. Lumley. The ballet has the further merit of a fanciful plot intelligibly developed, and showing how an adventurous youth, Marcus Barisio, losing himself in a bleak region of snow, where the Ice King is holding high festivities with his myrmidon ice-fiends and ice-nymphs, is about to fall a victim to the revellers, but is rescued by the Snow-Queen, with whom he becomes deeply enamoured, and who reciprocates his love. Both are now happy. But soon a thaw ensues, the snow melts away under the glowing rays of the sun, and with it also vanishes the Snow-Queen. As if by magic, the wintry landscape instantaneously changes to bright summer; the lovers reappear in transformed guises, the lady as Queen Snowdrop and Marco as Prince Butterfly, attended by the ice-nymphs, now changed into bevy of blue bells, moss roses, fuchsias, tiger lilies, tulips, and dahlias. Mlle. Petter as Snowdrop and Mlle. Perthold as Prince Butterfly have each some graceful dances, which they execute with skill and finished art, and the evolutions of the ice-nymphs in the first scene and the floral ballet near the close are exceedingly elegant and picturesque, enhanced as they are by some novel and brilliant effects produced by the use of coloured lights thrown on the dresses. The new ballet is a triumphant success.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Their Majesties the King and Queen of Denmark and their Royal Highnesses the Princess of Wales and Princess Thyra and suite honoured the performance of *Rip Van Winkle* at the Princess's Theatre with their presence on Thursday, last week.

Mr. ALBURY's comedy, *Wig and Gown*, in which Mr. Toole appeared at the Globe shortly before his departure for America, is to be revived at the Gaiety, where *Sweethearts and Wives* is likewise in preparation.

Mr. TOOLE will also shortly appear in a new comic drama by Mr. Byron, and in a new extravaganza by Mr. Farnie.

HERVE's *Chilpéric* will be revived, and replace *Genevieve de Brabant* at the Royal Park Theatre next Saturday, Miss Emily Soldene undertaking the title-role.

The famous Royalty burlesque *Black-Eyed Susan* will be revived at the Opéra Comique next Saturday, with Miss M. Oliver, Miss Rosina Rance, and Messrs. F. Dewar and Danvers in their original characters.

The last six nights of *The Ticket-of-Leave Man* at the Olympic are announced.

Mr. NEWSOME's season of equestrian performances at the Holborn Amphitheatre terminates next Saturday.

HENGLEY's Grand Cirque, Argyl-street, reopens for the usual winter season on Saturday, Dec. 4.

A MORNING PERFORMANCE of *Romeo and Juliet* will take place at the Gaiety on Wednesday next, when Miss Beatrice Strafford will make her first appearance on the stage as Juliet.

MISS JENNIE LEE, the picturesque street arab of petit Faust, will make her first appearance in England, after a four years' absence in America, at the reopening of the Surrey Theatre at Christmas, being specially engaged to play Jack in Mr. Frank Green's new pantomime, *Jack the Giant Killer*.

THREE NEW OPERAS by Offenbach are now being simultaneously represented at as many theatres in Paris, the triad being completed by the production last week, at the Bouffes Parisiens, of the *Creole*, a bright and sparkling operetta in three acts, and partaking more of the character of opéra-comique than of bouffe. Madame Judic sustains the rôle of the Creole with even more than her accustomed piquant style and vocal ability.

SIGNOR ROSSI achieved another success in Paris on Tuesday evening, when he appeared for the first time in the elder Dumas's drama, *Kean*.

A MORNING PERFORMANCE of *Little Em'ly* at the Adelphi is announced for Saturday next.

Mr. G. W. ANSON announces his first benefit in London, to take place at the Olympic Theatre, on Wednesday next, when Miss Carlotta Leclercq will make her first appearance in London these five years as Marie de Fontanges, in *Plot and Passion*.

LECOCQ's new comic opera, *Le Pompon*, was produced at the Folies Dramatiques, Paris, on Wednesday evening.

CAMBYSES has been sold, the price, it is said, being £600. The horse left Newmarket on Tuesday for Germany, where he is destined for cross-country sport.

MR. M. H. SANFORD.—The steam-ship Celtic arrived in Liverpool on Tuesday last from New York, having among her passengers Mr. Sanford, who has brought with him a string of thoroughbred horses, with a view of running them in England.

THE EPSOM GRAND STAND.—On Wednesday, at the City Auction Mart, Messrs. Fox and Bousfield sold forty-five shares in the Grand Stand on Epsom Downs. The shares were of the value of £20 each, fully paid up, and the purchaser would have a seat at the council of management and participate in many privileges in connection with the association. Many sporting men and turf speculators were present, and the forty-five shares realised premiums of from £59 to £60 per share.

CLOSING OF STAKES.—The Middle Park Plate of 1876 has obtained 177 subscribers; the Two Thousand and One Thousand of 1877, 103 and 85 subscribers respectively; the Newmarket St. Leger 1877, 38; the Newmarket Oaks, 54; and the Newmarket Derby, 55 subs. At Ascot the Prince of Wales's Stakes, 1877, closed with 105 subscribers, and the Ascot Derby with 37 subscribers. At Epsom the Woodcote obtained 53 and the Acorn Stakes 56 subs.

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.—Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies as Keating's Cough Lozenges, which are sold by all Chemists, in boxes, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.—N.B. They contain no opium or preparation thereof.—[Adv't.]

Reviews.

Hostages to Fortune. By Miss Braddon. (John Maxwell and Co., London.) If we are unable to say of this novel that in our opinion it is the best Miss Braddon has written, we are at least within the mark in saying that it is a long way from being her worst. The ultra-sensationalism which characterised her earlier novels, and which certainly served its turn at the time, is here conspicuous by its absence, and we rejoice with the authoress in being at last able to dispense with those adventitious aids which, however they may have contributed to the popularity of her writings, were, to our thinking, unworthy of one whose elegance of style and polish of diction, as well as intimate knowledge of character, were sufficient of themselves to stamp any work to which she might put her hand with the hall-mark of the guild of literature. In "*Hostages to Fortune*" Miss Braddon has preserved all the unities; there is no violation of the laws of probability; the incidents flow naturally one out of another; as we read on we seem to identify ourselves with her characters, with their thoughts, feelings, and mode of action; and when the climax is finally reached in the third volume, it has been so artistically led up to, that there is no violent wrench to our feelings as if some mine had been sprung upon all our previous conceptions of the probable course of events, but only that measure of agreeable surprise is excited in the mind which is inseparable from a due interest in the plot of the story and admiration for the art by which such a result has been achieved. The tale is really so simple that the outline may be given in a few words. One Herman Westray, a successful dramatic author, goes down into Wales for his health, and meets with one Editha Morcombe, the beautiful daughter of a Welsh squire, with whom he falls in love, and, in course of time, marries. The character of Herman Westray is admirably portrayed, and, when we see him carried away by the adulations of the press and the public, the pet of a favoured clique, feeling that his fertile brain is a mint from which he can coin at will, sufficient, not merely for his needs, but for his most reckless extravagances—taking no thought for the morrow, but enjoying the present to its fullest extent—it is not difficult to foresee how, before long, his home will cease to be his centre of attraction; how, a man of the world himself, he will come to prefer the congenial society of men and women of the world to that of the pure-minded girl he has made his wife, who has little in common with her husband beyond the happily mutual affection which has inspired their union. Of course, there is the inevitable bachelor friend who tries to profit by the apparent neglect with which Herman treats his wife, and who is seconded in his designs by Myra Brandreth, the manageress of the Frivolity Theatre, for which Herman writes, and who has views of her own with reference to the fascinating and popular author. Most of the characters are sketched apparently from life, notably this Hamilton Lyndhurst:—

"Stockbroker and millionaire, a man who has owned newspapers, and racehorses and prize yachts, and a theatre or two, and a fashionable chapel and a railway, and a diamond-mine—who in the old imperial days of Rome's decadence would have made a bid for the Empire, and gilded his horses' oats, and imported oysters from Britain, and diverted the course of the public aqueducts to water his garden. He is unmarried, and his most intimate associates have never heard of any creature of his kin who depends upon him, or is aided or befriended by him. Even the parasites who hang upon the wealthy have no hold upon him. He gives breakfasts, and dinners, and suppers at his club, or at public restaurants, and has his favourite companions, whom he changes almost as often as his gloves. He is not unsocial in his habits, but his sociality is all out of doors. He has a house in the neighbourhood of Parson's-green, &c.—the *crème de la crème* know very little of Mr. Lyndhurst, or only have him pointed out to them in the Park as a man who drives a seven hundred guinea pair of horses, chestnut steppers, seventeen hands high, and has made no end of money—somehow."

Failing in his more overt attempts to seduce Westray's wife, Hamilton Lyndhurst sends her a forged telegram from Ostend stating that her husband is lying ill at an hotel in that town at a time when he is acting as special correspondent at the scene of the Franco-German war. The bait takes, but Lyndhurst is foiled in the very moment of his triumph, and dies suddenly of heart disease. How Westray has been artfully lured to the same hotel, his natural suspicion of his wife and consequent estrangement, the discovery of the plot and discomfiture of Myra Brandreth, and the subsequent reunion of the husband and wife—all this is told in Miss Braddon's happiest vein, and without any of those strivings after sensational effect, the absence of which is not the least commendable feature in the novel. Miss Braddon has made a decided step in her profession; and, since even the best of us are capable of improvement, one of the most successful lady novelists of the day may not object to be commended in this sense for her latest contribution to contemporary literature.

Molière's Dramatic Works. Translated by Henri Van Laun. (William Paterson, Edinburgh.) First volume. As there are some faces whose charm so entirely consists in their ever varying expression that it is beyond the power of the most skilful photographer to reproduce them satisfactorily, so there are some works which are in our opinion incapable of being satisfactorily translated into a foreign tongue. In the photograph the features are there, faithfully delineated, the very tone of the complexion and the particular shade of the hair may be preserved, but the mobility of expression, the ever-changing light in the eyes, the alternate gleams and shadows which pass over the countenance as transiently as the summer breeze over the long grass, all of which combine to make the face what it really is to those who know it well, are gone. You say, that is a portrait of so-and-so, it is an excellent photograph, it may even be the perfection of that particular style of art, but it is unsatisfactory, an indefinable something is wanting, less apparent perhaps than the bloom on the plum or the sparkle in the cup of crystal water, but none the less that something without which all the rest becomes an unreality. Some authors you may indeed translate as you may reproduce some faces where feature and outline overbalance expression, and you may read them in a foreign tongue with as much genuine gratification as in the original; but Molière is not one of these any more than is Shakespeare. Falstaff's wit is simply impossible in French or German, and the keen brilliancy and delicate edge of Molière's rapier is, in the same way, necessarily dulled by being passed through the forge of English translation. It will be thus seen how difficult is the task Mr. Van Laun has set himself, and how high is the measure of our praise when we say that the author of the present version has, in our opinion, fairly distanced all previous attempts in the same direction. The first volume contains, in addition to a carefully-written memoir of the writer, translations of five of Molière's comedies—*L'Etourdi*, *Le Dépit Amoureux*, *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, *Sganarelle*, and *Don Garcie de Navarre*—all the originals of which are in verse, except the third we have named. Mr. Van Laun states in his preface:—

"After mature consideration, the idea has been abandoned

of reproducing, either in rhyme or blank verse, those which in the original are in poetry. The experiments which have been made to represent some of these in metre have not greatly charmed me; and, as they were tried by men of talent, and as I do not pretend to possess greater gifts than my predecessors, I have come to the conclusion that an imitation of Molière's style in any metre is next to an impossibility, but that a faithful and literal translation in prose, even if it cannot preserve the fire of the original, may still render the ideas and represent to the English reader as clear a perception of Molière's characters as can be obtained in a foreign tongue."

The modesty of this declaration is only equalled by the good sense which has guided the translator in his plan; but we would fain comfort him in his fear that "the fire of the original" may not be preserved by suggesting "forsan scintillula latet"—a suggestion which is more than justified by a careful perusal of the volume before us. Mr. Van Laun has not contented himself, as he says, with a mere verbal version, though even that would have been a sufficiently difficult task to most translators, but he has caught, in a majority of instances, and conveyed in bold, broad, Saxon idiom, the genuine spirit of Molière's incomparable humour, in the effort to do which so many of his predecessors have failed. The instances of this are so numerous that it would be waste of time to single out particular passages. Opening haphazard at the end of scene iii., act 3, of the *Blunderer*, we find Lelio saying,

S'death! I will break every bone in his body,

for the

Parbleu! Je le ferais mourir sous le bâton

of the original version. This may not be, perhaps, the most satisfactory illustration of our meaning; but it will serve to show how completely Mr. Van Laun has caught the true ring of the speech, and embalmed it in good, vigorous English vernacular.

Each comedy is prefixed by an introductory notice of more than average value to the student of Molière, and the translator has everywhere copiously illustrated the meaning of the text with clear and intelligent explanatory foot-notes. The whole is adorned with charming etchings by M. Ad. Lelauze, of Paris; and the excellence of the type, paper, and general style in which the book is published, must surely make it as great a pleasure to the general reader to take it in hand as it is (*point d'honneur* in our own case) a labour of love on the part of the reviewer.

The Bengal Civil Service: A Chapter of Indian Experiences. By an Outcast. (W. O. Walbrook, 52, Fleet-street.) This little volume purports to deal with the whole constitution, condition, and prospects of the India Civil Service. The author has no misgivings as to his fitness for the task, whatever we may feel on the subject in perusing his writing, neither is he at all nice in his choice of terms, or diffident in approaching in a spirit of sweeping denunciation the whole question of the government of India, from the acts of the Secretary of State in Council down to those of the meanest official in the service. The dedication of the book to Lord Salisbury is perhaps about the most impertinent thing we have ever read, and, had we not been personally interested in the subject, we should have shut up the book at that point. We now wish we had done so, for the Outcast teaches us nothing, and our time is too valuable to be wasted on the rapid pourings of a man who confesses himself a failure in his profession, and can do nothing but abuse those who have passed him in the race of life.

A Study of Hamlet. By Frank A. Marshall. (Longmans, Green, and Co.) Avowedly inspired by the recent performances of Messrs. Irving and Salvini, Mr. Frank Marshall has plunged boldly into the depths of Shakspearean criticism. Does not the Psalmist say that a multitude of words darken counsel, or something to that effect? If our memory is right on this point, we would fain apply the text to Mr. Marshall's study of *Hamlet*. He can tell us nothing new, and takes a long time to tell us what we knew before. It may be possible, however, that there are people of so invertebrate an order that they require such teachings as this to enable them to understand and enjoy *Hamlet*; but, if there be, we candidly confess we do not envy them. Finally, badly as "sweet Will" has fared at the hands of many of his commentators, there has proved to be one more cruel fate in store for him, and that is to be torn limb from limb in a sort of clumsy literary post-mortem by Mr. Frank A. Marshall.

The Art of Swimming. By Captain Webb. Edited by A. G. Payne. (London: Ward, Lock, and Tyler.) There is only one fault about this little book. There is not enough of it. Captain Webb might, had he chosen, have amplified the materials at his command to almost any extent. Instead of this, with commendable taste and characteristic modesty, he has condensed all he has to say of himself, his life, and doings, and his instructions in the art of swimming into the briefest possible space. Were Captain Matthew Webb not the hero he is, but an unknown man, what he has to tell us would be sufficiently interesting; but, coming as it does from a man whom all the nation delighteth to honour, his words have a singular force and application. This little book will be eagerly read by all, but by none more so than the young, whose tastes Captain Webb has professedly consulted, and many of whom, it is to be hoped, will be largely influenced by his example and teaching.

Cook's Tourist's Handbook to Southern Italy. Messrs. Cook and Son are among the most enterprising spirits of the age. They not only personally conduct you all over the world wherever you may desire to roam; under their fostering care you may not only "survey mankind from China to Peru," but your very leisure time is provided by them with literary matter descriptive of all the wonders you may encounter in your travel. The handbook to Southern Italy is only one of a series of similar publications, and should certainly find a place in the carpet-bag of every tourist.

The Life-Boat (quarterly journal of the National Life-Boat Institution), as usual, contains all the information of the past three months respecting the life-boats of the institution and the doings of their gallant crews. Now that the winter is upon us, and the "stormy winds do blow," this is very suitable reading, and the simple record of the good already effected by the institution may possibly stimulate many who have not already done so to unloose their purse-strings in its behalf.

The London Magazine for November. (Kent and Co., Paternoster-row.) This is a new addition to our periodical magazine literature, and, so far, bids fair to earn a fair share of popular favour. It is conducted by Will Williams, and is professedly devoted to light literature. Among the names of the contributors are those of Mortimer Collins, Henry J. Byron, Walter Thornbury, Henry S. Leigh, Lady Hardy, Charles H. Ross, Ashby-Sterry, and others, all of whom are well-known in the literary world, and all of whom have on this occasion put forth their best and happiest energies. One of the features is that each article is signed with a facsimile autograph of the writer.





Racing—Past and Future.

In former days, and that not so very many years ago either, the legitimate racing season was not only supposed to close, but actually did close, with the Houghton Meeting at headquarters. All that the ardent turfite had to look forward to for four weary winter months was the Derby betting, which in those days never flagged until the saddling-bell once more rang out its welcome summons on the Carlholme. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* Now there are as many, and one might almost add as important, meetings to come off during November and December as in the two months preceding them; and, to judge by the size of the fields which place themselves under the orders of the starter, owners seem as anxious to provide for their hay and corn bills during the recess as if only one alternative, that of bankruptcy, stared them in the face. Last week was a thoroughly busy one for the professionals, who had to begin at Worcester and thence on to Lincoln, winding up at Mo-zambique, as "the World" calls the Regent's favourite watering-place, with an adjournment to Lewes by way of filling up the spare time. There are no pleasanter meetings than those which take place under the auspices of the Messrs. Verrall; but it becomes a serious question whether even the certainty of a cordial welcome from these gentlemen will altogether compensate for the possibility of getting wet through, and, at any rate, the certainty of being wrapped in a dense, cold, clammy sea fog during the whole period of your stay on the Downs. Racing under such circumstances ceases to be a pleasure, and, unless we are to look upon racehorses simply as so many instruments of gambling, we might all be just as well cosily at home as stamping about in the cold and wet in a howling and by no means pleasantly odoriferous crowd, without being able to discern even the colours of the jockeys as they pass the post, much less derive any enjoyment from the spectacle of the racing itself. However, if people will race in November, they can scarcely expect to encounter the sort of weather for straw hats and summer paletots; so they have no right to complain of the "cherub that sits up aloft" whose duty it is to rule the elements. There could be no doubt but that down in the Midlands, at any rate, the aforesaid Clerk of the Weather had somehow been making mistakes and turning on the wrong tap, for half the country was under water, though Lincoln had happily escaped the full force of the disastrous floods, and the course on the Carlholme was consequently fairly good going. The running of Lord Gowran, both in the Great Tom Stakes and in the Lincoln Autumn Handicap, strictly confirmed his Cambridgeshire form, though it is true that he had not the same class of animals to meet here as on the former occasion. Harry Bluff, the hero of Yarmouth, when Duke of Parma ran so curiously badly, also made his appearance in a Welter Plate, wherein he beat the old Cura'e, who has now been so long before the public without being able to do anything by way of justification for his not having been shot long ago, that it is high time he was deprived of his orders and relegated to the inevitable hansom of the metropolis, or, if there be a spark of pity left for such a brute, at least to the genteel job brougham of some adjacent suburb. Prince Bathian ran a remarkably nice colt called Bon-Bon, by Lozenge out of Butterfly, which won rather cleverly from the favourite, in the Blankney Nursery, and in the Hainton Plate old Grand Flaneur pursued his unbroken career of victory. Perhaps the most interesting contest was that between Lily Agnes and Figaro II. for the Queen's Plate, the two making a dead-heat of it the first time of asking; and in the run off Lily Agnes only won, after a punishing finish, by a head. Nothing could pretend to have a chance with Brigg Boy in the Brownlow Nursery, notwithstanding that he carried the top weight, and was giving over 2st to Goral, and a stone to smart fillies like Somnolency and the Nun. At Lewes there was an interesting race for the Nursery, which fell to Lucy Hawk, who gave Crecy 12lb and a length beating, while a long way behind the pair was Lady Mostyn, who at one time this year looked like being as near the top of the two-year-old tree as possible, but who must have gone off terribly to show to so little advantage as she did here. It is possible that next year she may come round to her early form, but at present it really seems that Mrs. Drewitt made a sad mistake in refusing the handsome offers she had made to her for the filly after her brilliant performances at Lewes last August. There is nothing else in the whole chapter of the doings at Worcester and Brighton that calls for detailed notice; and I may therefore pass on to Liverpool, where I may say the racing would have been wonderfully enjoyable if the weather had only been at all decent. As it is, cold, fog, and wet have had it all their own way up to the moment of writing, nor does it seem probable that the end of the week will witness any improvement in this respect if the barometer, which so persistently points to "much rain," is to be in any way relied upon. As for going out to watch the morning gallops on the Aintree, I am far too old, and apprehensive of rheumatism and similar ailments, to care to risk my precious health in any such mad pranks; nor do I believe that by doing so I should have been able to gather one scrap of useful or entertaining matter for my readers, otherwise I should most certainly have sacrificed myself in their behalf. Tuesday's sport commenced with the November Hurdle Handicap, for which Solon and Promise started equal favourites, and the former won but only after a very close fight with Mr. Hall's Annie, who would certainly have beaten him had it not been for her pecking on landing over the last hurdle, which enabled Solon just to do her by a head on the post. Another favourite in Rhapsodist carried off the Selling Hurdle Stakes, but there was nothing in it; and so trumpery a race was it that no one cared to bid for the winner when put up to auction. For the Selling Nursery Handicap Fromage was chosen to carry the bulk of the investments; but she was never in the race, and came in the absolute last—the winner turning up in Patty, who beat Plague by half a length, and was afterwards sold to Mr. T. Holmes for 160gs. Mariguy, a French-bred colt, belonging to Mr. Beadman, was put about as a real good thing for the Waterloo Welter Handicap, and in the hands of Cannon just succeeded in landing; but, as is too often the case with these good things, the pot (to use an expressive term) was very nearly boiling over, and backers breathed more freely when they were safe and saw what a narrow escape they had had. The Westmoreland Welter Plate brought out Chimes, Innishowen, Memory, and four others, and the first named was thought good enough to beat the field; but, for my own part, I could not see how Mr. Bragg's filly was to give a stone and a year to Memory, who was well ridden by F. Archer, and won comparatively easily by two lengths, Innishowen being third; and how the latter ever succeeded in beating Marie Stuart at any difference in weight at Manchester, in the spring, becomes more and more incomprehensible. That sterling old horse Oxonian next attempted, in the Mersey Trial Cup, to give away close upon 5st to Magnet, a far from bad-looking two-year-old by Macaroni out of Poetry, and the talent were content to lay 7 to 4 on his accomplishing the feat, which a little reflection would have shown to be absurd, and so the result proved; for, tiring under his crushing impost, Captain

Macell's horse was done with at the distance, and sustained an easy defeat. The Knowsley Nursery brought out a rare field, and Electra, the pride of Epsom, was made the favourite; but it was remembered by a good many how at Newmarket there were whispers about Footstep, a happily-named daughter of See-Saw and Sandal, belonging to Lord Wilton, who was said to be an uncommonly speedy filly. On that occasion she did not run, although in London she was made a very hot favourite. In the race under notice she made up for lost time by winning easily from St. Agnes, and as she started at 6 to 1 those who had made a note of what they had heard on the leath a fortnight ago must have landed a nice stake. Modena scored another victory for Lord Wilton in the Steward's Cup, but she only had Lady Patricia to beat, and the race lay so evenly between the two that they started equal favourites, and the result was in accordance with what the betting would seem to have indicated, for Modena only got up on the post and beat her rival by a short head. Mr. Skipton, who bought Mozart in the Houghton week, got back his purchase money in the Tuesday Stakes, and thought it good enough to buy in the old horse for 350gs., and I am not sure that he was not in the right on it, for the Composer, as he has been facetiously called, looks like having another good race or two in him before he is finally done with; but he will have to select his company, and not be too ambitious, or he will scarcely verify my prediction. On Wednesday proceedings commenced with the Bickerstaffe Cup, for which Lowlander scared away all his opponents but Pursuivant, to whom he was giving 19lb, and a two-year-old named Arista; but they could have no chance with Mr. Bird's grand horse, on whom 4 to 1 was laid, and who won in a canter. For the Molyneux Nursery, which is only over three furlongs, I fancied Agate would have justified the good opinion I formed of him when I saw him run at Newmarket on the Cambridgeshire day, but he could only manage to secure the third place, the winner, who was also the favourite, turning up in Reveillon, but it was a good race between the first three, and had the distance been a little further I should not have been surprised to have seen Major Warburton's horse win. The Honeymoon colt was second, and was backed for a good deal of money when F. Archer was seen in Lord Wilton's popular colours. The Alt Welter Handicap brought out a field more distinguished for quantity than quality, but it was not the least interesting contest of the day, as Satisfaction and Wigwam, the former of whom was a rank outsider, made a dead-heat of it, and in the deciding heat Satisfaction beat Mr. Gerard's colt by half a length, the odds, as is very often the case, being laid on the wrong one. The Grand Sefton Steeplechase is always an interesting event, and on this occasion there was a good deal of speculation, nearly all the runners having a price. Revenge was made favourite, but Mr. Houldsworth's well-known green and gold, borne by Daybreak, came sailing away twenty lengths ahead of his field, the favourite occupying the not very creditable place of second, and all the rest pulling or pulled up. At last Captain Macell managed to win a race with Tetrah, with whom he has made several attempts, and on this occasion, most likely owing to his former failures, he ran unbacked, and Captain Macell got rid of him for 165gs. I hate horses like this, who never win when they are wanted, and then give the ring a turn when your money is not on, or, perhaps worse, on something else in the same race. The Croxteth Cup fell to Instantly, who beat a fair field, including Berryfield, Anita, Clara, Mr. Winkle, and others; and in the Liverpool Nursery, St. Agnes, Electra, and the Tragedy colt, all of whom have shown some form, went down before Lizzie Distin, who put three lengths between her and St. Agnes at the finish. St. Agnes is evidently a most disappointing animal, this being the second time she has been backed this week and has only succeeded in getting the second place. Mr. Gerard won the succeeding event, the Wednesday Stakes, with Pacha, and a walk over by Dagolino for the Liverpool St. Leger brought the day's work to an early close. The rest of the week's racing I must leave until my next letter, by which time the Liverpool Cup will be a thing of the past, and will be susceptible of calm and dispassionate revision.

Next week Mr. Frail will, as usual, have a bumper programme at Shrewsbury, the meeting extending over four days. At this distance of time it is almost impossible to attempt to predict with any approach to certainty on the minor events, so I shall content myself with a few general words on the two principal events, for which the acceptances have already been published.

In the Great Shropshire Handicap those that strike me as being most favourably handicapped are TAM O' SHANTER, AZOV, PASCAREL, HARMONIDES, and GREY PALMER. The running for the Liverpool Cup will greatly influence the position of the two latter; but, as I am writing before the decision of the great Aintree race, I must be content to be put out of court with either that may incur a penalty. In brief, I shall plump for

TAM O' SHANTER,

who ought to win.

The Shrewsbury Cup seems a gift for one, and that one is

STRAY SHOT,

who, in her recent Newmarket form, will canter away with this valuable prize. If LILY AGNES has a cut in, she will, with all her weight, run in the first three. DONCASTER.

THE RACE FOR THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Those who have seen the race for the Cambridgeshire may possibly be divided among themselves in opinion as to the best point of view from which to witness it; but they will, at any rate, admit that one may be more disadvantageously placed than on the lower side of the course just opposite the Red Post. From this vantage ground you may see the huge field of horses start on their journey, half disappear a minute in the dip, and then rise the hill like a regiment of cavalry, the figures of the jockeys standing out boldly against the afternoon sky as they come nearer, and then thunder past as hard as whip and spur can make the horses gallop. It is here that the winner generally can be detected as, pulling his tiny rider out of the saddle, he answers generously to the call upon him, and comes away from the ruck. Mr. Sturgess's admirable sketch of the Cambridgeshire, which was decided the other day, and which was described in last week's number, will be found on another page. The point of the race selected for illustration is that we name. On the upper ground Sutton comes away, closely followed by Lord Gowran and Grey Palmer in the centre of the course, while in the background the luckless Pompadour, who broke her leg, is seen falling. We may be allowed to compliment the artist on the faithfulness of the sketch.

Mlle. SANGALLI made her appearance at the Grand Opéra, Paris, this week, in the ballet of the *Source*.

LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE is most agreeable and efficacious in preventing and curing Fevers, Eruptive Complaints and Inflammation. Have it in your houses, and use no substitute, for it is the only safe antidote, having peculiar and exclusive merits. It instantly relieves the most intense headache and thirst; and, if given with lime-juice syrup, is a specific in gout and rheumatism. Sold by all Chemists, and the Maker, 118, Holborn-hill, London. [Advt.]

Principal Races Past.

LINCOLN AUTUMN MEETING.—(CONCLUDED).

THURSDAY, NOV. 4.

CANWICK HANDICAP HURDLE-RACE of 50 sovs each, with 60 added, second saved stake, mile and a half, over six hurdles, won by Mr. W. Robertson's b g Juvenis, 4 yrs, 11st 2lb, beating Earl Marshal, 4 yrs, 11st 8lb, Bashful 5 yrs, 10st 12lb, and 5 others. Betting: 5 to 2 agst Earl Marshal, 5 to 1 agst Juvenis. Won by a head.

DODDINGTON SELLING STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 50 added, for two-year-olds, won by Mr. J. Johnson's Prince Imperial, 7st 13lb, beating by six lengths Mr. J. Lee's f by Rataplan—Trinket, 7st 9lb.

BLANKNEY NURSERY (Handicap) of 10 sovs each, 5 ft, with 200 added, for two-year-olds, second received 20 sovs, and third saved stake, about five furlongs, won by Prince Bathian's b c Bon-Bon, 7st 5lb, beating St. Agnes, 7st 11lb, Mr. Howett's c by The Palmer—Virginia, 7st (car 7st 2lb), and 6 others. Betting: 2 to 1 agst St. Agnes, 6 to 1 (at first 5 to 2) agst Bon-Bon, 7 to 1 agst the Virginia colt. Won by a length.

WELTER PLATE of 80 sovs, straight mile, won by Mr. T. Bingham's Harry Bluff, 3 yrs, 9st 4lb; beating The Curate, 6 yrs, 9st 12lb; Forester, 3 yrs, 8st; and 2 others. Betting: 5 to 4 agst The Curate, 4 to 1 agst Forester, 9 to 2 (at first 6 to 4) agst Harry Bluff. Won by a neck.

THE FOSSDYKE SELLING STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 50 added, about six furlongs, won by Mr. H. F. C. Vyners's b g Alava, 6 yrs, 9st 2lb; beating Fairy, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb; Orphan, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb, and Abingdon, 4 yrs, 9st 2lb. Betting: 5 to 4 agst Orphan, 4 to 1 agst Fairy, 5 to 1 agst Alava. Won in a canter by three lengths.

LINCOLN AUTUMN HANDICAP of 150 sovs, added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, 5 ft, second saved stake, about a mile and a half, won by Mr. T. V. Morgan's b h Lord Gowran, by Lord Clifden, dam by Merry Andrew—Cordelia, 5 yrs, 8st 10lb (inc. 12lb ex.); beating Colchique, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb; Memory, 5 yrs, 6st 10lb; and 3 others. Betting: 2 to 1 agst Lord Gowran, 10 to 1 each agst Memory and Colchique. Won in a canter by three lengths.

HUNTERS' FLAT RACE of 50 sovs, about two miles, won by Mr. J. M. Richardson's b g Zero, 5 yrs, 12st 10lb, beating Speculation, 6 yrs, 11st. King William, aged, 11st 7lb, and 8 others. Betting: 2 to 1 agst Zero, 7 to 1 agst Speculation. Won by two lengths.

FRIDAY, NOV. 5.

HANDICAP HURDLE-RACE PLATE of 100 sovs, two miles, over eight hurdles, won by Mr. Davison's Hautboy, aged, 12st 5lb, beating Elmina, 4 yrs, 10st 10lb, Frank, 5 yrs, 10st 13lb, and 2 others. Betting: 6 to 4 agst Frank, 7 to 4 agst Hautboy. Won by a head.

HAINTON PLATE of 200 sovs, six furlongs, won by Mr. H. Bragg's Grand Flaneur, 5 yrs, 9st (inc 7lb ex.), beating Macadam, 3 yrs, 7st, Wrangler, 5 yrs, 7st 2lb (car 7st 4lb), and 4 others. Betting: 4 to 1 agst Grand Flaneur. Won by three quarters of a length.

TALLY-HO STEEPLECHASE PLATE of 50 sovs, about three miles, won by Mr. J. Robinson's Thya, 5 yrs, 12st 8lb (inc 18lb ex.), beating Marmion (h-h), aged, 12st 13lb (inc 18lb ex.), Barmston, aged, 10st 9lb (car 10st 10lb), and 5 others. Betting: 5 to 4 agst Barmston, 5 to 2 agst Thya, 10 to 15 agst Marmion. Won by four lengths.

CARHOLME PATE (Handicap) of 50 sovs, five furlongs, won by Major Warburton's Florimel, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb, beating Wrangler, 5 yrs, 7st 9lb, Satisfaction, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb, and 2 others. Betting: 2 to 1 agst Florimel, 5 to 2 agst Wrangler, 4 to 1 agst Satisfaction. Won by half a length.

QUEEN'S PLATE of 100 gs.; weight for age. Two miles. Mr. J. Snarry's Lily Agnes, by Macaroni—Polly Agnes, 4 yrs, 9st 7lb J. Osborne + 1
Mr. H. Bird's Figaro II., 4 yrs, 9st 7lb Barry + 2
Betting: 5 to 4 on Figaro II. A dead heat.
Deciding heat.—Betting: 6 to 4 on Figaro II. Won by a head.

PELHAM SELLING STAKES of 100 sovs, added to a sweepstakes of 5 sovs each, T.Y.C., won by Mr. T. Holmes's Fairy, 3 yrs, 8st 12lb, beating Alava, 6 yrs, 9st 9lb, Blue Bell, 2 yrs, 7st 4lb, and 3 others. Betting: 5 to 4 agst Blue Bell, 6 to 4 agst Alava, 10 to 1 agst others. Won by a head.

The BROWNLOW NURSERY PLATE (handicap) of 200 sovs, about half a mile, won by Sir J. D. Astley's Brigg Boy, 8st 9lb, beating Somnolency, 7st 10lb, King of the Vale, 7st 10lb, and 4 others. Betting: 6 to 4 agst Somnolency, 7 to 2 agst Brigg Boy, 10 to 1 agst King of the Vale. Won by half a length.

WORCESTER RACES (CONCLUDED).—THURSDAY.

DEERHURST NURSERY SELLING HANDICAP PLATE of 50 sovs, half a mile, won by Mr. J. R. Humphrey's Lady Glenlochay, by Scottish Chief—Cachuca, 8st 4lb (inc 4lb ex.), beating Patricia, 7st 11lb, Alphonso, 7st 10lb, and 3 others. Betting: 6 to 4 agst Miss Harriot, 9 to 4 agst Alphonso, 4 to 1 agst Lady Glenlochay, 8 to 1 agst any other. Won by a length and a half.

HURDLE-RACE HANDICAP of 30 sovs, one mile and a half, over six flights of hurdles, won by Mr. W. K. Walker's Thornton, 5 yrs, 10st 13lb, beating Stamford, 4 yrs, 10st 6lb, Lucerne, 5 yrs, 11st, and 2 others. Betting: 2 to 1 agst Stamford, 3 to 1 each agst Lucerne and Thornton. Won by three lengths.

YEOMANRY CUP, value 40 sovs, two miles, won by Mr. J. Tustin, jun.'s Lancer, 4 yrs, 12st 7lb, beating Village Boy, 5 yrs, 12st 3lb, President, 4 yrs, 12st 7lb, and 9 others. Betting: 5 to 1 agst Lancer. Won by six lengths.

HUNTERS' SELLING RACE of 3 sovs each, with 30 added, two miles, won by Mr. Thomas's Sea Messenger, 6 yrs, 11st 11lb, beating Ianthe, 4 yrs, 11st, Ismael, aged, 11st 11lb, and seven others. Betting: 7 to 2 each agst Sea Messenger and Ismael. Won by eight lengths.

GRAND ANNUAL STEEPLECHASE, handicap sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, with 100 added. About three miles.
Mr. R. Anderson's Saracen, aged, 11st 11lb Mr. Thomas +
Mr. S. Davis's Despair, by Wantage—Titbit, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb Anthony +
Mr. C. W. Lea's Greenhill, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb Waddington 3
Lord Folkestone's Knight of St. Patrick, aged, 11st 13lb W. Daniels 0
Mr. E. C. Hughes's Harmony, aged, 11st 13lb J. Holman 0
Mr. H. Hobson's Altessse, 6 yrs, 11st 10lb R. Tanson 0
Betting: 2 to 1 agst Altessse, 3 to 1 each agst Saracen and Greenhill, and 8 to 1 agst any other. Dead heat; a bad third.

LADIES' PLATE of 30 sovs, added to a sweepstakes of 5 sovs each, 2 ft, five furlongs, won by Mr. Cockin's Eveleen, 4 yrs, 8st (car 8st 11lb), beating Patricia, 2 yrs, 7st 7lb, and Lady Pearl, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb, Mr. W. R. Walker's Trictrac, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb, being disqualified on the ground of carrying wrong weight. Betting: 7 to 4 on Trictrac, 5 to 2 agst Eveleen, and 5 to 1 agst any other. Won by a head.

HANDICAP PLATE of 50 sovs, five furlongs, won by Mr. D. Lawrence's Woodcote, 5 yrs, 7st 12lb, beating Bras de Fer, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb, The Bully, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb, and 3 others. Betting: Even on Woodcote, 4 to 1 agst The Bully, and 100 to 15 agst any other. Won by a length and a half.

HUNT STEEPLECHASE. Declared void.

LEWES RACES.—THURSDAY, NOV. 4.

TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 50 added, colts 9st, fillies and geldings 8st 11lb, T.Y.C., won by Mr. W. Cave's Hackfield, 8st 9lb, beating Curator, 10st, and Mr. H. Marsh's f by Narbonne—Pakritia, 8st 6lb. Betting: 6 to 5 on Curator and 5 to 4 agst Hackfield. Won by a head; two lengths divided second and third. Mr. Beadman bought the winner for 265gs.

CORINTHIAN STAKES (handicap) of 5 sovs each, with 50 added, T.Y.C., won by Mr. H. Goater's Monarch, by Lord Clifden—Microscope, 3 yrs, 10st 7lb, beating Balbriggan, 3 yrs, 10st, Vae Victis, 3 yrs, 11st 7lb, and 3 others. Betting: 2 to 1 agst Balbriggan, 5 to 2 agst Monarch, 4 to 1 agst Vae Victis, and 10 to 1 agst any other. Won by a length, which distance separated second and third.

CASTLE STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 35 added, T.Y.C., won by Mr. T. Smith's Sultan, aged, 8st 6lb, beating Semstress, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb, Keepsake, 3 yrs, 7st 13lb (car 8st), and 3 others. Betting: 5 to 4 agst Sultan, 7 to 4 agst Semstress, and 7 to 1 agst the others (offered). Won by three lengths; two lengths between second and third.

LEWES AUTUMN HANDICAP of 15 sovs each, with 100 added, one mile, won by Mr. Teevan's Kilmore, aged, 8st 12lb, beating Lord Dover, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb, Emerald, aged, 8st 12lb, and 2 others. Betting: 5 to 4 agst Kilmore, 100 to 30 agst Emerald, 5 to 1 agst Red Rose, and 6 to 1 agst Lord Dover. Won by three lengths; a bad third.

TOWN PLATE (Handicap) of 70 sovs; T.Y.C., won by Mr. H. Goater's Monarch, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb (inc 7lb ex.) beating Bunshee, 5 yrs, 8st 10lb, Worcester, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb, and 2 others. Betting: Even on Violet, 5 to 2 agst Worcester, 3 to 1 agst Monarch, and 100 to 15 agst Bunshee. Won by half a length; three parts of a length between second and third.

MILE SELLING RACE of 5 sovs each, with 35 added. One mile. Won by Colonel Carleton's Crinoline by Lord Lyon—Crinon, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb, beating Mr. H. O. Legge's f by the Duke—Challenger's dam, 2 yrs, 6st 6lb, Prince William, 2 yrs, 6st 9lb, and 4 others. Betting: Even on Challenger's dam filly, 5 to 2 agst Crinoline, and 10 to 1 agst Drumstick. Won by a length and a half; a bad third.

SELLING HURDLE RACE of 5 sovs each, with 30 added. One mile and a half, over six hurdles, won by Mr. Harvey's Gamekeeper, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb, beating Pains, 3 yrs, 10st, Austrey, 3 yrs, 10st, and 2 others. Betting: 55 to 40 (at first 2 to 1) on Gamekeeper, 5 to 2 agst Sylvanus, 6 to 1 agst Austrey, and 10 to 1 agst others. Won by six lengths; a bad third.

HURDLE HANDICAP RACE of 5 sovs each, with 50 sovs added, one mile and a half, over six hurdles, won by Mr. J. Winfield's Friar Tuck, by Hermit—Romping Girl, 3 yrs, 10st 7lb (inc 7lb ex.), beating The Pop, 4 yrs, 11st 5lb, Stanton, 6 yrs, 11st 4lb, and six others. Betting: 5 to 4 on Friar Tuck, 6 to 1 each agst Stanton and Franchise, 10 to 1 agst Little Princess, and 50 to 1 (at first 4 to 1) agst Maid of the Mill. Won by a head; a bad third.

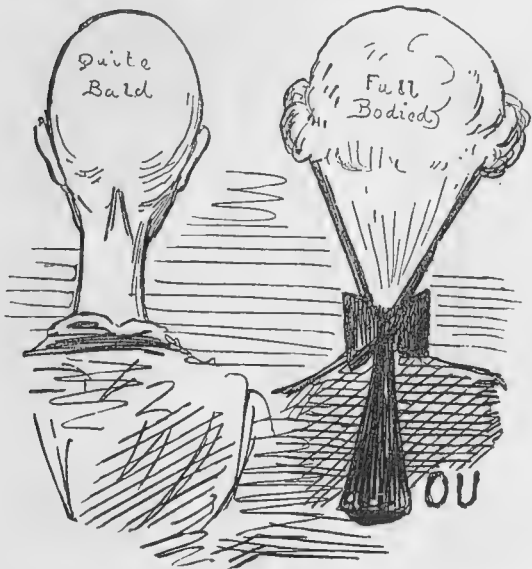
**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

Our Cautious Critic.

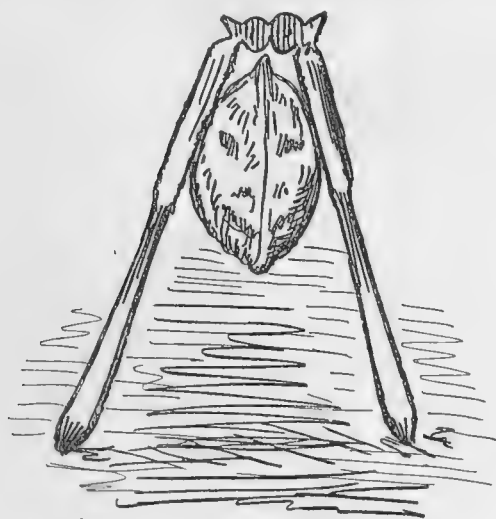
Macbeth

Present & Past



are wrong," said the Old Man to me (he has quite recovered from his late severe attack of gout), "the drama depends not for its prosperity upon your scene-painters, your machinists, and your costumiers, but upon the skill and training of your actors. Garrick played Macbeth with a"—

"Oh, we know all that," rudely interrupted I, "and Mr. Irving plays it without." And so ended our dispute. I leave it to any person of candour if I had not the best of the argument. The same evening, wandering outside my accustomed circle, I graciously accepted a box from Mr. West, the courteous manager of the Marylebone Theatre, a capacious house situate in Church-street, over against the Edgware-road, than which none is more devoted to the amusement of the people, properly so designated. When I arrived the pit and gallery were already thick with upturned and expectant faces. It became speedily evident to me that these, indeed, were playgoers who meant to have their money's worth. There were whole families come out en masse, bringing the doorkey with them (this I can testify because I saw one mother dangling it upon her finger to amuse an infant that had not yet got beyond the stage when infants are without form and void). The gentlemen of the orchestra, with that indomitable perseverance which always characterises them, were scraping and blowing energetically by way of diverting the intent imaginations of the multitude. The audience appeared so gloriously in earnest that I could not refrain from addressing them. No doubt what I said would upon paper seem highly egotistical. But, as they did not take the slightest notice of me or of my oration, but went on steadily cracking their nuts and shuffling their feet, it cannot greatly matter whether my words were worthy of me or no. I have my own opinion, which is that in the comparatively short space of five minutes I said enough of idiotic things to qualify me for the position of Reader of Plays. Having arrived at the word "plays" I may immediately state that the first piece upon the Marylebone programme was described as the "powerful romantic drama in three epochs" of *Ruy Blas*. Anticipation of three "epochs" in the space of one



General aspect of the Marylebone audience

drama exercised me much. Methought I should behold in act one the Golden Age, in act two the Mediæval Period, in act three the present time itself. It happened, however, that "epoch" was merely the Marylebone for "act," and that the drama was the old familiar one. The triumphant lackey who erst had blacked his master's shoes and all unwittingly had gained his mistress's love, falls finally upon his upturned sword, and breathes his soul away in piteous death. The audience liberally appreciated his absurd sacrifice. And I must say their appreciation was well deserved. Of late years we have become familiar at West-End theatres with untrained tragedians, mushroom comedians, and walking gentlemen who seem to have dropped from heaven (so utterly are they unacquainted with the way to behave upon earth). This audience at Marylebone, however, has not been educated up to the level of heaven-born actors. It is composed of ignorant persons who have a predilection for performers who have undergone

a certain amount of training. And the actor who pleases them most is he who exerts himself in showing his proficiency in old-established stage business. Nevertheless, in Mr. Charles Sennett's performance of *Ruy Blas* there was not much more of the old conventional ranting than is to be witnessed every night at the Lyceum and other houses of the poetic drama. This actor is a master of ordinary stage business. How far he is capable of infusing into a part any original intelligence I have had as yet no means of judging. But as certain pictures, notable for their contrasts, their pronounced colours, and their crude force, are largely popular at all times in the art market—more popular than quieter works of a better sort—so the broadly-marked style of such actors as Mr. Sennett will always be sure of admirers among the greater millions. The



Mr Collette as "Dr Pangloss"

other characters in *Ruy Blas* were played by ladies and gentlemen who (albeit their costumes fitted them not with accuracy) displayed an amount of independence of conception that was highly refreshing to the jaded sense of one who confesses himself overweighted by the ponderous genius of West-End actors.

The entertainment immediately following *Ruy Blas* was that nondescript affair called *Cryptoconchoidsymphonostanata*. I have the highest admiration of Mr. Charles Collette's energy and vigour, but I question the accuracy of his judgment when he essayed to attract the interest of a Marylebone Saturday-night audience from the beginning to the end of his very clever entertainment. The songs they listened to and applauded and vigorously encored; but the "patter," inimitable and ingenious as it is, flew past them like the idle wind, and they regarded it not—nay, indeed, it wearied them. If they wanted entertainment of that sort, it was evident they knew to find it elsewhere, more strongly spiced and better suited to their leathery palates. Besides, it was like bringing coals to Newcastle for Mr. Collette to give imitations of cheap-jacks before

Mr Collette's Bagpipes!
(An ordinary hat is introduced to indicate proportions.)

The Heir at Law

an audience partly composed of those identical individuals. Every man is amused by a caricature of himself if it only be exaggerated beyond resemblance. Once let it hold the mirror up to nature, and he feels like throwing stones at the caricaturist. I must not forget to thank Mr. Collette for his tune upon the Highland bagpipes. All that I had ever heard or read of the "slogan's deadly yell, the pibroch's sound," was concentrated in that performance. I say once more, I thank him. But, at the same time, I should advise him not to play upon those pipes if he goes to Scotland. He ought to procure a slightly smaller and feebler set.

While I am upon the subject of Mr. Collette, I must not forget his performance of Dr. Pangloss, in Colman's *Heir-at-Law*, at the Crystal Palace, last week. It was an onerous task for Mr. Collette to undertake, and one which was certain to provoke severe comparisons. I must say, however, that, upon the whole, it was the most promising performance by this actor that I have yet witnessed. It was full of faults, especially in those portions in which noted actors have accustomed us to expect subtle humour and delicate perception. Mr. Collette's rendering of Pangloss was more that of a character-actor than of a comedian; but he had seized upon a decidedly vigorous conception of the part, doing what I never remember having seen done with it before—namely, emphasising the baser and more sensually sordid instincts of the pedagogue mountebank, who is a thoroughly mean old scoundrel at heart. The cast was otherwise made remarkable by Mr. Granby's performance of Daniel Dowlas, Lord Duberley. This venerable actor amply justified his ancient claim to be ranked among the best living comedians of the old school. It was a rare treat to witness this excellent performance by an artist who, notwithstanding the fact of his having attained a high position in critical esteem before the present generation was weaned, has been absent from the London boards for more than a score of years. Mr. Lytton Sothorn was quite inadequate as Dick Dowlas, owing to his extreme youth and lack of experience. The Cicely Homespun of Miss Maggie Brennan was excellent. The other characters do not call for any particular notice.

MR. ANDREW O'ROURKE'S RAMBLINGS.
THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

CRAVEN-STREET, STRAND, LONDON, NOV. 9, 1875.

ME DEAR MIKE,—“It's no place for a woman of your—.” ‘Twas the angels kept me from sayin the word “age.”

“For a woman of my what?” she axes in a voice that meant no good.

“For anny woman at all,” sez I, thyrin be me tone of voice to soften the hardness of her look.

But I might as well endavour to soften a Judge wud a joke. “For a woman of me what?” she axes again, sayin the last word in a tone as if a four-fut square flagstone was ather fallin on her corns.

“For wan of your tendher make.” I couldn't say stoutness; it would have brought the house about me ears.

“An if I am well-conditioned,” she cries, “I'm not thin an worn to a skeleton wud desait an double dailins.” That's what she sez, Mike; an I'm not a bit fallen away since you seen me last, but have put on two pounds of as thrue-hearted flesh as ever man had between his sowl and the winds of winther.

“Mrs. Hill,” sez I, takin up me hat an lookin reproachfully into her face, “it would ill become anny man, let alone an Irish man—let alone, above all, wan of the Glenary branch of the O'Rourke's—to be rude to anny woman, an I intended no offence, but only to say that, if you went to the Lord Mayor's Show, you'd be sure to get jostled an hustled about; an if I saw anny wan jostlin an hustlin you about, why there'd be a row, an, while you'd be in a dead faint on the ground, you'd see me carried away on the shoulders of four peelers to an hospital, wud the ends of me bones stickin out of me body.”

The words, innocent an thrustin fool that I was, seemed to soothe her, an she smiles an sez, quite agreeable, “An what place are you goin to see the show from?”

I was too glad to make pace, so I answers, “I'll go to the corner of King-sthreet an see the fast of it, an then I'll be back the earliest.” Wud that I puts me hat on me head an walks out.

There wasn't much more people in Holborn than on an ordinary day, but what was of them were mostly goin towards the part of London they call the City. There weren't so many cabs or omnibuses as usual; I darsay they had to borrow the baists from under them for the Show. At the corner of Newgate-sthreet there was two peelers standin in the middle of the

stheet wud their four arms sthretched out, like dwarfs of rail-way signal-posts, warnin all the cabs an omnibuses to turn away an not go up that stheet. There was a sketch of a fog at that time, but, although we'd boast of it in Dublin, they were ashamed to mention it here except in whispers, laist the downright big fogs might take offense an shift their bob somewhere else.

Cheapside looked very quare—all deserted, barrin people. I never seen the asphalt so plain before; an, Mike, I couldn't help laughin at the places where it was mended, for they looked for all the world like patches on an ould coat, wud the sams quite plain to be seen.

You must know that Cheapside is called be that name on account of your bein able to buy there for a penny almost anny thing you want. There was women wud fires in stoves sellin roast chestnuts, an men wud Ingin rock on thlays sthrapped under their chins, remindin you of a blind man's dog standin on his hind legs. There was ivory toothpicks for a penny, an money-boxes made into images of pianos for tuppence. Wan man had cane-swords for ticklin people's back-bones, an for sixpence. You could buy a whole half-dozen of dinner-plates med of tin for a penny; an a thousand other things I haven't sperrit to tell you of, for me heart is heavy, which accounts for the extra ink in me down sthrokes, an the dots not bein fair over me i's. But of all the things I saw for money, what tuck me fancy most was a panorama of the Show for a penny. It was a long slip of paper like the comeallies of the ould land, ony instead of "The Raiks o' Mallow," an "Brennan on the Moor," an "Ned Flaherty Dhrake," an the "Night before Larry was Sthretched," an "Norah Greenah," there was a lot of pictures of the men an carriages that med up the Show. At first I was greatly delighted wud this, and intended sendin me own wan to you, that you might have an iday of what the Lord Mayor's Day is here, but afther seein the procession I kem to the conclusion that the likenesses of the men wasn't as good as they might be, an I seen no blue horses, although they were on the bill. It's wud Lord Mayor's Shows as it is wud Jerry Conway's theaytur in the ould brewery of Glenary, there's more on the bills than they do in the piece. But I wandher at a dacent man like the Lord Mayor of London lettin on to have blue horses and then disapointin the people. If the Sultan of Turkey ony heard of this what would he say? He'd say, 'There's others besides Sultans that breaks their promises.

There was wan of the horses for the Show down on the asphalt wud a jockey sittin on his head, an keepin his hand in practice at cursin an such like. The baist was very fat (I mean the horse, for the jockey was as thin as if they hadn't enough of jockeys alive to do the Show an tuck the skeleton of wan out a churchyard an dhressed it up for the day). He couldn't get up for a long time, I'm sure he med ten offers before he felt his legs shakin under him again. "There's for you!" sez I to meself, thinkin of how the fat kept him down, "There's for you, Mrs. Hill! Suppose you kem wouldn't it be a nice thing to see you down on the asphalt like that un-gainly craychure, kickin an plugin, to say nothin at all of me sthugglin to raise you, an the people all laughin an offerin to sit on your head!"

From all the houses there was flags flyin an many of the balconies was covered wud blue an red cloth, where the ladies an gentlemen sat as grand as you plaze, an dhressed up like waxworks in a good way of business.

Just then a quare thing happened. A telegraph-boy went up to a tall, fair-haired, fresh-coloured young man standin at a shop door, handed him a message, and went away. The young man opened the message, an the minnit he read it all the colour left his face. He started on a sudden, an, wuddout a hat, jumped into the middle of the stheet shoutin out at the top of his voice,

"Cab! Cab!"

The people all laughed, thinkin he was jokin, for as you know the thraffic was stopped, an there was no cabs.

"Cab! Cab!" he shouted again. A low-sized dirty man wud a broken nose threw a piece of apple at the young man, an hit him in the face. The young man looked at the other, an for a second I thought there was goin to be a fight. Then I heard the young man say, "Oh, where can I get a cab? — is dyin." I didn't catch who it was was dyin. With that the low-siz'd man wud the broken nose stepped up to the young man an sez, "I thought you was ony funnin when I threw the apple. Come, I'll show you where to get a cab."

"Hurrah!" cries the people, "Hurrah!" I never heard a better blessing or prayer come from men than these two hurrahs. In a minnit the two was runnin down a cross stheet, the low-sized wan houdin the young man be the hand.

At ten minnits to twelve I was standin opposite Bennett's clock takin observations up an down the stheet at all the quare people, Russians, Prussians, an German Oceaners, when all at vance the people began lookin down the roadway an cheerin. I stud upon me tippitoes to thry and see, an there came too big waggons at a throt. If they were a pair of ostriches wud cutty pipes in their mouths an red breeches on their legs walkin down the Main Stheet of Glenary of a Sunday mornin the people couldn't look more surprised than to see two waggons in Cheapside in the middle of the noonday. An be this you see, Mike, things is ony habit, afther all; an if they were ony used to havin London in Glenary they wouldn't mind it a bit afther awhile, an if they were used to havin Glenary in London they wouldn't mind it, ony in the way of thankfulness for the fine spring wather an Kennedy's plum garden.

At twelve o'clock all the heads in the neighbourhood of Bennett's clock was bent back to see the clock strike. But they got cricks in their necks for nothin, because the clock not bein there couldn't sthrike, at laist not there. Some of the people kept their eyes fixed on the plaster figgers at the top of the house, an were every minnit axin their children did they see the elbow shake an the eyes rowl, as them were the symptoms of sthrikin. But, owin to the plaster figgers havin been put out to nurse when they were young, an not brought up in the establishment, their joints is stiff an they're no more good to sthrike than a frozen frog.

Every lamp-post all along the way had a boy on it, and this med the stheet look as if it had a row of statues like Tom Moore's in College-green, ony the boys were more like men than Tom's, an the faces had the advantage of bein claner. When I looked around an saw all them grand preparations, I couldn't help feelin how the Prince of Wales must feel that day to remember the granjure of the sighth an he fur away from it in Injah.

I worked me way through the crowd until I got between King-sthreet and the Mansion House. I med up me mind to see the show from this point. It was most looky as to the place I selected, an most unlooky (or maybe not) as to what happened there. I stud on the left-hand side of the way, an managed to get close to a lamp-post. From this I med sure of not ony seein the whole of the Show, but bein able to hould me own against anny rush of people there might be.

Well, while I was standin here a few minnits afther twelve, there came a great rush of people, an for a while I was pushed away from me lamp-post. When I worked back to it I found a very purty little girl standin just where I had been.

She had nice brown hair an eyes, an a sweet, mild, amiable look on her countenance.

"Faith, Andy," sez I to meself, "you'd be the last man in Europe to wish her out of that." Au wud them words on the lips of me mind I sidled up to her an caught hold of the lamp-post behind her back. Just then another rush came; but I held on, an the arm would come out of its mortise before me an that lamp-post would part company. Stoopin over the little girl, sez I, "Don't be afraid. I'll see that no harm comes to you."

"Oh, thank you so much!" she sez, wud a smile that would soothe a ragin say.

Afther that we got into more chat, an for the few minnits between that an the startin of the Show I had a good dale of purtuction to do, an I found the best way was for me to hould on be the lamp-post wud me right arm an to keep her purtected wud me left around her waist.

The fust of the procession, cavalry wud their swords dhrawn, was afther passin bye, and the fust band was marchin an scatterin "Paddy Carey" among the legs of the people, until they could hardly stand still, when another rush was med, an all the people around me were swept away, an new people came in their places. It tuck all me might to hould on be the lamp-post an the little girl, but some way or another I done it. As soon as the rush was over, I laned over the girl, an sez I, "I hope you're not hurt, me dear?"

All at wance, I had the quarest feel I ever felt. I don't know what it was, Mike, but a mist kem before me eyes, an everythin swam about, like crab apples in a winther sthraim. As I was beginnin to lose the hould of me senses, a voice behind me screeches into me ear,

"So this is no place for wan of me tendher make, isn't it! isn't it! isn't it!" an at aich "isn't it" she med a glawm at the poor innocent craychure at me side. Words was of no use. I would not be even listened to. How she got there I don't know. How or what happened afther that I'm not clear about. I know I soon found meself walkin through Saint Paul's-churchyard wuddout a hat. Of coorse me enterin the widdy's again is out of the question. I've taken a room here. But I have no clothes but them on me back, an I'd sooner do the charge of Balaklava single-handed than go or send to the widdy's for me things. As regards the Lord Mayor's Show, if you want an account of it you'll find it in the daily papers. I tell you ony my expyrience of it, for which I don't yet know how I feel.

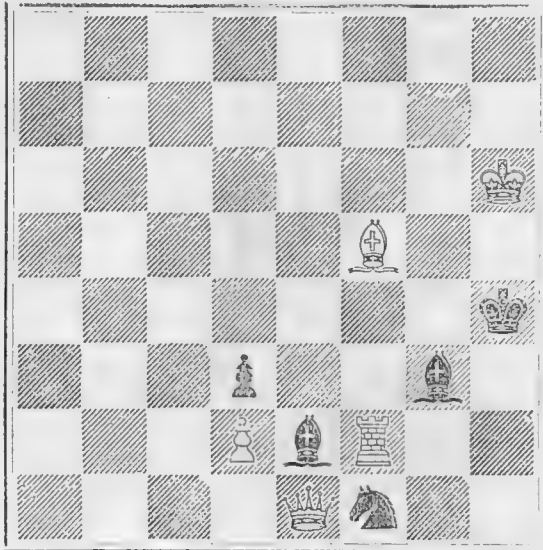
Your lovin cousin,
To Michael Crotty, Esq., South King-sthreet, Dublin.

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 75.

By Mr. D. W. CLARK.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN PARIS.

Between Mr. Rosenthal and an Amateur, the former giving the odds of Queen's Knight.

[EVANS'S GAMBIT.]

WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	13. Q takes P (ch)	B to Q 2
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	14. Q takes Kt	R to Q B sq
3. B to Q B 4	B to Q B 4	15. Q to K 4	B to Q B 3 (b)
4. P to Q Kt 4	B takes P	16. Q to K Kt 4	K to B sq
5. P to Q B 3	B to B 4	17. B to Q R 3	B to Q B 4
6. Castles	P to Q 3	18. B takes B	P takes B
7. P to Q 4	P takes P	19. Q to R to Q sq	Q to B 2
8. P takes P	B to Q Kt 3	20. P to K 6	B takes Kt
9. P to Q 5	Kt to R 4	21. Q takes B	Kt to K B 3
10. P to K 5	Kt takes B (a)	22. R to Q 7 (c)	Q to Kt 4
11. Q to Q R 4 (ch)	P to Q B 3	23. Q to Kt 7	
12. P takes P	P takes P		

NOTES.

- (a) This capture is not advisable. The correct move is Kt to K 2.
(b) He should have played P to Q 4.
(c) Very neat and conclusive.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

The following smart little Game was played, a little while ago, in Rhode Island, between Messrs. Thurber and Harris.

[ALLGAIER GAMBIT.]

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	14. P to K Kt 3	Q to K R 4
2. P to K B 4	P takes P	15. Kt to K 4	B to K 2
3. Kt to K B 3	P to K Kt 4	16. Castles	P to Q B 3
4. P to K R 4	P to Kt 5	17. Kt to B 6 (ch)	B takes Kt
5. Kt to Kt 5	P to K R 3	18. R takes Kt	Q to K B 4
6. Kt takes K B P	K takes Kt	19. B to K 4	Q to K 3
7. B to Q B 4 (ch)	P to Q 4	20. P to Q 5	P takes P
8. B takes P (ch)	Kt to K sq (a)	21. B takes P	Q to K B 4
9. P to Q 4	Kt to K B 3	22. B to K 4	Q to K 3
10. Kt to Q B 3	Kt to K R 4 (b)	23. P takes B	Q takes B P
11. Q to Q 3	Kt to Kt 6	24. B to K Kt 6 (ch)	K to B sq
12. Q B takes P (c)	Kt takes R	25. R to K B sq	K to K 2
13. P to K 5	Q takes R P (ch)	26. B to K 5, and wins.	

NOTES.

- (a) We prefer 8. K to Kt 2.
(b) This is a defence that may be fairly ventured; but the Knight must not be advanced, on the following move, to K Kt 6, as in the present game.
(c) The coup juste.

DYEING AT HOME.—JUDSON'S SIMPLE DYES.—Judson's Dyes are the best for dyeing in a few minutes ribbons, feathers, scarfs, lace, braid, veils, shawls, &c., violet, magenta, crimson, mauve, pink, &c., 6d. per bottle. Of all Chemists and Stationers.—[Advrt.]

Shooting Notes.

The prospects of sport for his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales in the Trincomalee jungles are, the *Ceylon Times* says, excellent. The district, it is said, is well stocked with elephants, considerable herds in some instances roaming about and doing a good deal of damage to the forests. Since the refusal of licenses they have got much tamer, and the people have great need to be relieved of a few of their tormentors. Deer are also very plentiful, especially in the jungle bordering upon paddy-fields and chenais; but they are very wild, and likely to give the Prince's camp a wide berth.

A LARGE FLIGHT OF WOODCOCKS arrived during last week on the Norfolk coast, near Cromer. A party were out on the 5th, a few miles to the north of Cromer, and bagged thirty on that day—one gentleman scoring fifteen to his own gun. It poured incessantly during the whole day, or the bag, no doubt, would have been even larger.

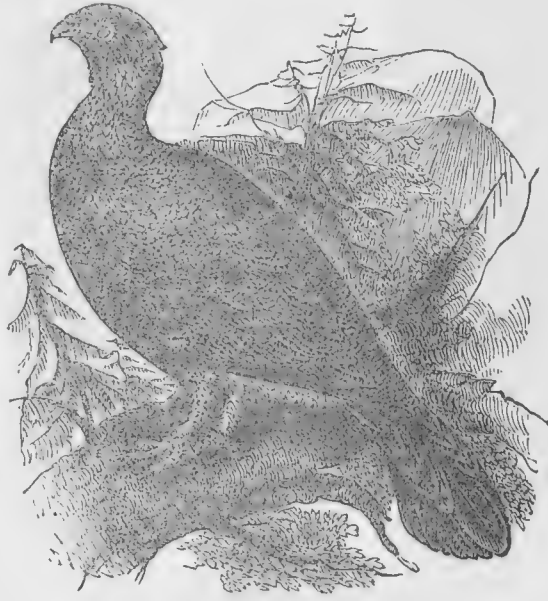
THE GAME LAWS.—The number of offences by summary proceedings against the Game Laws in 1873-4 was 11,955, against 10,870 in the preceding year.

AMERICAN SHOOTING NOTES.

Captain Bogardus, the champion wing shot of the world, was arrested in St. Louis, at the instance of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for shooting a match at pigeons. The result has not yet come to hand.

The Dupont gunpowder-mills are situated in a lovely valley on the banks of the Brandywine creek, and are surrounded on all sides by lofty rock-clad and wooded hills. At first sight the visitor cannot realise that these small low and odd-looking buildings, nestling so romantically on the water's edge, are capable of making 37,000 pounds of gunpowder daily, or about 11,000,000 pounds per annum, and yet such is the fact.—*Forest and Stream* (New York).

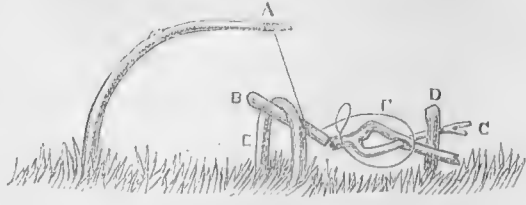
The *Chicago Field* says:—"Elk are found in almost every part of Colorado, generally in the timbered country or on mountain slopes, singly and in bands of ten and fifteen, according to the season. With proper care they can be stalked as near as 150 yards; but a good hunter who 'jumps' a herd at 50 yards will bag three-fourths of the number before they are out of range. When dressed they weigh 800 to 1200 pounds; but, as a dozen tall fellows, their shapely horns laid back, go crashing and thundering through the thick pine forest, leaving a storm of dust and branches in their wake, each elk may easily be estimated to weigh a ton. If wounded at close quarters in the timber they are dangerous foes, and quick and accurate shooting is needed, unless the hunter prefers to climb a tree, which is an awkward predicament, detrimental to temper and garments, and provocative of unfeeling remarks from comrades when one returns late in the night to camp. The beauty and majesty of the stately creature require no description, and often will the hunter grieve over his glory laid low; yet elk steaks and roasts are so nice, his hide makes such excellent buckskin, and his branching antlers form such an elegant trophy and memento, that tears are seldom shed at his demise."



THE COCK O' THE WOODS, OR CAPERCAILLIE.

I send you a sketch of a "cock o' the woods," or capercaillie, I shot last year in a Norwegian pine forest—"very far north indeed!" I knocked him over at 120 yards, point blank, with a "pea rifle," made by Stephen Grant, of St. James's-street, London. My bird weighed 14lb, but the average weight is, for cocks, from 8lb to 12lb, and for hens from 6lb to 8lb. The Duke of Sutherland acclimatised these grand-looking birds in Scotland, but they degenerate, whether from climate or breeding "in and in" I know not. I grieve much that the pine forests of Norway are rapidly falling under the power of the axe, and by and bye the "cock o' the wood" will join the long list of "the have beens." Upon a clear moonlight night is the best time to shoot them, having previously found out their roosting-place. The Norwegian peasants who supply the market with these birds burn sulphur under their roosts, when they fall and are caught—more's the pity. In the dark and silent pine forests of Lapland these noble birds are still numerous.

Your "JADED M.P." (Reform Club).



A POACHING DODGE.

My gamekeeper took up no less than seven "springes" in a remote corner of my preserves this week. I inclose a sketch of one of these infernal machines. The ground was strewn with raisins, of which pheasants are passionately fond. The *modus operandi* of snaring the birds is as follows:—

A. Rod like a mole-trap stick. B. Short piece of stick. C. Forked stick with one end passed through the other. D. Straight stick. E. Bent stick. F. Hair-snare. A, by pulling on B, presses it against the forked stick (C), which in turn is pressed against the upright stick (D), and this keeps it all in place. But on a bird stepping on the forked stick (C) the weight of the bird loosens its hold, and the long stick (A) flies up, catching the victim in the snare, which is laid flat on the forked stick (C).—JOB.

A KENTUCKY FOX-HUNT.

"Kentuck" contributes the following racy hunting sketch to the *Turf, Field, and Farm*, of New York:—

I am visiting a bachelor friend familiarly known as "Jim Bob," in the northern part of Scott, that, I presume, has as good fox-hounds as there are in America. As proof of it, a party of us went out one beautiful moonlight night last week, and caught one genuine old red and hold another. Two foxes in eight hours with the same dogs. How is that, Brother "Pious," for one evening's entertainment? Four days later we sallied forth with four packs collected in the neighbourhood, numbering twenty odd dogs. By eight o'clock a.m. we bounced an old red, and by eleven o'clock he was captured upon the ground.

Talk about Fashion and Boston's, Lexington and Lecompte's, Wagoner and Grey Eagle's great races—these are but a circumstance to the heart-thrilling, soul-inspiring, health-invigorating three-hours' fox-chase, without the taint of gambling. Had I the pen of a "Pious," I would make the blood tingle in your veins.

Only imagine four contesting packs, each owner claiming superiority for his dogs; and then see the riding to ascertain which dogs were ahead on that wind, or this double of the fox!

"You bet," there was an exuberating shout reverberating from hilltop to hilltop as some wholesouled fellow saw his favourite in the lead; and, perhaps, at the next circle of the fox it was some other fellow's time to exuberate his feelings. The poet tells us there is

Music in the song of birds,
The lisp of children and their earlier words;
but give me an orchestra of deep-mouthed fox-hounds for ever.

These fox-hunters are dashing riders, and it seldom occurred that some of them were not in sight of the dogs and never out of hearing from beginning to close.

The struggle was nearing a finish. Reynard was repeatedly seen with his tongue out from fifty to one hundred yards in advance. He was heading in the direction of a large blue-grass pasture, containing from 300 to 500 acres, and three quarters of a mile wide. The vast expanse seemed to alarm him, but there was no alternative left him. If he looked to the right there were men, if he looked to the left men were there; his relentless pursuers were in his rear. With a bold heart he struck out. Here was a spectacle worthy of the gods: every jump of fox and dogs could be seen for nearly a mile. Here was the place to settle the merits of the dogs—ten or a dozen were strung out in this exciting race; the balance at least a mile behind, but still coming.

Lena Rivers and her beautiful daughter Flora carried the lead in this sight chase, as they had done nearly all day. But I must tell you Lena Rivers had a mamma in this chase, nine years old, and the old thing is quite grey about the mouth and eyes; but, when two hours out, your correspondent happened to get ahead and see the dogs file past. There was old Queene, her daughter Lena and her granddaughter Flora, leading the string, and the old lady cutting out the work.

To look at the writer you would never credit him with an enormous pair of lungs; but at this juncture a concussion occurred in the atmosphere that reverberated through the forest aisles, telling to the most distant rider upon the chase "that Yell is with the dogs;" and the work is glorious.

Old Queene is as noted among the hunters of Scott, Harrison, Bourbon, Clark, Madison, and Shelby counties as Alice Carneal and Keel are among turfmen. She has a large family of children and grandchildren. These dogs have repeatedly caught two red foxes in one day.

After crossing the large pasture Reynard took shelter in a field of weeds and bramble, and evidently was unwilling to trust his heels any longer.

Strategy was tried, but it was no go. The balance of the pack came up. The pursuers surrounded him, and in dodging Scylla he struck the mouth of Charybdis, and was engulfed.

How THEY CATCH LARGE CATFISH IN MISSOURI.—An American sportsman describes a novel mode of fishing:—"One of our fishing sports was down on the Osage river, the other day, and concluded to try his luck for large catfish; and, having no modern flies, he shot a dove, put it on a large bass hook, threw it on to the water, and watched for results. He had not long to wait, for soon a twirling of the water was seen around his hook. The dove goes down, spinning the line to its full length. The man, being hard pulled, and having no patent reel to lengthen line, is forced to run for some distance down the stream. He tugs and pulls away, but to no purpose. The fish is bound to go, and go he does. Finally, a lucky thought strikes our gallant fisherman. On the bank near him he finds a short log. He fastens his line around that, he rolls the log into the river, and runs for a boat. He obtains one, and makes chase for his fishship. Mr. Cat hauls the floating log several hundred feet, sometimes actually pulling it under water, until at length our artist, by much manoeuvring, succeeds in drowning his antagonist, and tows him ashore, when, on weighing him, it is found he weighs 105 lb. avoirdupois."

THE AVOIDANCE OF NEWFOUNDLAND DOGS to save a drowning person has been somewhat painfully tested by an unlucky Frenchman. He was walking in the country with a friend, who possessed a magnificent Newfoundland, and incautiously questioned the truth of the

animal's sagacity. The dog's master, vexed at the slur cast upon his favourite, gave his friend a push and knocked him into a shallow river. Turk immediately sprang in, and, seizing one of the tails of the immersed man's coat, commenced to swim for land. Unfortunately another Newfoundland, trotting along the other side of the river, saw the affair, and also came to the rescue. Dog number two seized the other tail of the coat and wished to swim back to his master. Turk held fast and struggled for his side, and the owner of the coat cried in vain for help. At last the coat gave way, and each Newfoundland swam proudly home with a piece of cloth in his mouth, so that Turk's master was obliged to plunge in himself to save his friend.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
TO THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

Per Annum..... post-free	1 7s. 6d.
" Half-year..... "	0 14s. 6d.
" Quarter..... "	0 7s. 6d.

Copies per inland post, direct from the Office, for any period at the rate of 6d. for each Number, paid in advance.

Copies will be sent to the following places abroad, on thin paper, on the undermentioned terms:—To Australia, Belgium, Canada, Cape of Good Hope, France, Honduras, New Zealand, United States, and West Indies, per annum, £1 11s.; to Austria, Ceylon, China, Constantinople, Germany, Holland, India, Spain, and Switzerland, per annum, £1 15s. 6d.; to Italy, per annum, £2.

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, at the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, either in English money or by Post Office Order, payable to the Publisher, Thos. Fox, at the East Strand Post Office.

NEW BOOKS.

Now publishing,
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK for 1876,
Price One Shilling, free by post, 1s. 2d., containing
SIX COLOURED PICTURES.
Printed by Leighton Brothers' Chromatic Process;
TWELVE ILLUSTRATIONS OF OLD MODES OF LOCOMOTION,
as Headings to the Calendar;
TWELVE FINE-ART ENGRAVINGS;
ASTRONOMICAL DIAGRAMMS OF REMARKABLE PHENOMENA,
with Explanatory Notes;
The Royal Family of Great Britain; the Queen's Household; her Majesty's Ministers; Lists of Public Offices and Officers; Bankers; Law and University Terms; Fixed and Movable Festivals; Anniversaries; Acts of Parliament passed during the Session of 1875; Revenue and Expenditure; Obituary of Eminent Persons; Christian, Jewish, and Mohammedan Calendars; Tables of Stamps, Taxes, and Government Duties; Times of High Water; Post-Office Regulations; together with a large amount of useful and valuable information, which has during the past thirty-one years made the *ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK* the most acceptable and elegant companion to the library or drawing-room table; whilst it is universally acknowledged to be by far the cheapest Almanack ever published.

The unprecedented demand for the *ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK* year after year stimulates the Proprietor to still greater exertions to secure for this Almanack a reception as favourable as that which has hitherto placed its circulation second only to that of the *ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS*.

The *ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK* is inclosed in an elegant cover, printed in Colours by the same process as the *SIX COLOURED PLATES*, and forms a charming and pleasing ornament to the drawing-room table.

The *SHILLING ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK* is published at the Office of the *ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS*, 198, Strand, and sold by all Booksellers and Newsagents.

PIANOFORTES.
MOORE and MOORE.
Three-Years' System.
Terms from 2 1/2 gs. per quarter.
HARMONIUMS.—Terms from 1 1/2 guinea per quarter.
Illustrated Price-Lists post-free.
Pianofortes from 16 gs.
Ware-Rooms—104 and 105, Bishopsgate-st., Within, E.C.

J. B. CRAMER and CO.'S Music and Musical Instrument Warehouse.—Music sent at half price and post-free. Music Circulating Library, two to five guineas per annum. Musical Boxes, Guitars, Zithers, Concertinas, Metronomes, Digitiums, &c.
201, Regent-street, W.

PIANOFORTES and HARMONIUMS
ON EASY TERMS OF PURCHASE.—Pianos from 2 1/2 gs. per Quarter; Harmoniums from 12s. per Month. A handsome Seven-Octave Piccolo Piano, in Burr Walnut, 25 gs. cash. Warranted.—W. SPRAGUE, 7, Finsbury-pavement. Established 1837.

H. WALKER'S Queen's Own NEEDLES, Patent-Ridged-Eyed. The easiest to thread or to work. Posted by dealers. Patentee of the Penelope Crochets. Improved Sewing-Machines, Fish-Hooks, &c.—Alcester; and 47, Gresham-street.

INDIGESTION!
INDIGESTION!
MORSON'S PREPARATIONS OF PEPSINE.
HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.
OLD in Bottles as WINE, at 3s., 5s., and 9s.; LOZENGES, 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.; GLOBULES, 2s., 3s. 6d., and 6s. 6d.; and POWDER, in 1-oz. bottles at 5s. each.
BY ALL CHEMISTS AND THE MANUFACTURERS,
T. MORSON & SON, Southampton-row, Russell-square. London.

Extraordinary Purchase of
DAMASK TABLE LINEN,
Comprising 7000 Tablecloths, Doyleys, Napkins, &c.
PETER ROBINSON'S, OXFORD-STREET.

Real Irish Doyleys, very fine Damask	2s. 6d. per doz.
Table Napkins.....	2s. 6d., 3s. 9d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 15s. 6d., 17s. 6d., 20s. 6d., 22s. 6d., 25s. 6d., 28s. 6d., 30s. 6d., 32s. 6d., 35s. 6d., 38s. 6d., 40s. 6d., 42s. 6d., 45s. 6d., 48s. 6d., 50s. 6d., 52s. 6d., 55s. 6d., 58s. 6d., 60s. 6d., 62s. 6d., 65s. 6d., 68s. 6d., 70s. 6d., 72s. 6d., 75s. 6d., 78s. 6d., 80s. 6d., 82s. 6d., 85s. 6d., 88s. 6d., 90s. 6d., 92s. 6d., 95s. 6d., 98s. 6d., 100s. 6d.
Irish full size	13s. 6d., 15s. 6d., 17s. 6d., 20s. 6d., 22s. 6d., 25s. 6d., 28s. 6d., 30s. 6d., 32s. 6d., 35s. 6d., 38s. 6d., 40s. 6d., 42s. 6d., 45s. 6d., 48s. 6d., 50s. 6d., 52s. 6d., 55s. 6d., 58s. 6d., 60s. 6d., 62s. 6d., 65s. 6d., 68s. 6d., 70s. 6d., 72s. 6d., 75s. 6d., 78s. 6d., 80s. 6d., 82s. 6d., 85s. 6d., 88s. 6d., 90s. 6d., 92s. 6d., 95s. 6d., 98s. 6d., 100s. 6d.
Damask Tablecloths, 2 1/2 yards long.....	5s. 9d., 6s. 11d., 8s. 11d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 14s. 6d., 16s. 6d., 18s. 6d., 20s. 6d., 22s. 6d., 25s. 6d., 28s. 6d., 30s. 6d., 32s. 6d., 35s. 6d., 38s. 6d., 40s. 6d., 42s. 6d., 45s. 6d., 48s. 6d., 50s. 6d., 52s. 6d., 55s. 6d., 58s. 6d., 60s. 6d., 62s. 6d., 65s. 6d., 68s. 6d., 70s. 6d., 72s. 6d., 75s. 6d., 78s. 6d., 80s. 6d., 82s. 6d., 85s. 6d., 88s. 6d., 90s. 6d., 92s. 6d., 95s. 6d., 98s. 6d., 100s. 6d.
Fine Irish Damask, 8 and 3 1/2 yards.....	13s. 6d., 15s. 6d., 17s. 6d., 20s. 6d., 22s. 6d., 25s. 6d., 28s. 6d., 30s. 6d., 32s. 6d., 35s. 6d., 38s. 6d., 40s. 6d., 42s. 6d., 45s. 6d., 48s. 6d., 50s. 6d., 52s. 6d., 55s. 6d., 58s. 6d., 60s. 6d., 62s. 6d., 65s. 6d., 68s. 6d., 70s. 6d., 72s. 6d., 75s. 6d., 78s. 6d., 80s. 6d., 82s. 6d., 85s. 6d., 88s. 6d., 90s. 6d., 92s. 6d., 95s. 6d., 98s. 6d., 100s. 6d.

Larger sizes up to 7 yards long.
1200 PAIRS LACE CURTAINS, New Guipure Patterns, 4 yards long,
12s. 6d., 16s. 6d., 20s. 6d. per Pair.

PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford-street, W.

PATTERNS SENT FREE.
SILKS, Black, 21s., BAKER and CRISP'S.
SILKS, Black..... 42s. 0d. Patterns free.
SILKS, Black..... 63s. 0d. Baker and Crisp's.
SILKS, Plain..... 35s. 6d. Baker and Crisp's.
SILKS, Coloured..... 54s. 0d. Patterns free.
SILKS, Japanese..... 10s. 6d. Baker and Crisp's.

BAKER and CRISP'S for VELVETEENS.
VELVETEENS, silk..... 17s. 6d. Baker and Crisp's.
VELVETEENS, Moleskin..... 25s. 0d. Patterns free.
VELVETEENS, Lyons..... 29s. 6d. Baker and Crisp's.
MERINOS, French..... 18s. 9d. Very fine.
MERINOS, French..... 2s. 6d. Very superior.
MERINOS, French..... 2s. 11d. Cashmere finish.

BAKER and CRISP'S for DRESS FABRICS.
SERGES, Mimsoll..... 1s. 0d. Baker and Crisp's.
SERGES, Estemans..... 1s. 6d. Patterns free.
HOMESTUNS, Welsh..... 1s. 6d. Baker and Crisp's.
REPPS, Wool..... 1s. 6d. Patterns free.
REPPS, Silk..... 2s. 9d. Baker and Crisp's.
CORDS, French..... 1s. 0d. Patterns free.

BAKER and CRISP'S for DRESS FABRICS.
Checks, Stripes, and Crossovers; Dresses for Wedding, Evening, and Dinner wear; Dress Materials for every climate; Dress Materials, every known fabric, for every occasion. The largest variety of Dress Fabrics in the kingdom, and always at the very lowest prices for the very best materials. Patterns free.

BAKER and CRISP, Regent-street, London.

Patterns may also be had of Silks, Satins, and Velvets, especially adapted for Theatrical Wear.

1000 NICHOLSON'S NEW DRESS FABRICS.—1000 Patterns, representing all the New Materials for present Wear, forwarded (post-free) to any part of the world.
D. NICHOLSON and CO.,
post-free. 50 to 52, St. Paul's-churchyard, London.

1000 NICHOLSON'S NEW SILKS.
Striped, Checked, Broché, and Plain, in all the New Colours, from 2s. to 10s. per yard.
Patterns 1000 Patterns post-free to any part.
D. NICHOLSON and CO.,
post-free. 50 to 52, St. Paul's-churchyard, London.

MUSGRAVE & CO. (Limited),
IRONFOUNDERS TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES



MUSGRAVE'S PATENT SLOW COMBUSTION STOVES and AIR-WARMERS are the most economical. They are safe, healthful, durable, and extremely simple. They will burn for 21 hours without attention.

These Stoves are now delivered, free of carriage, to most of the principal towns in the kingdom.

Manufacturers also of Musgrave's Patent Stable and Harness-room Fittings. Musgrave's Patent Iron Cow-house fittings and Piggeries.

Priced Engravings free on application to
MUSGRAVE & CO. (Limited),
ANN-STREET IRONWORKS, BELFAST.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."
CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Skin and Blood Diseases, its effects are marvellous. In Bottles, 2s. 6d. each, and in cases (containing six times the quantity) 11s. each, of all Chemists. Sent to any address, for 30 or 132 stamps, by the Proprietor, F. J. CLARKE, Chemist, Apothecaries' Hall, Lincoln.

FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH.
This excellent Family Medicine is the most effective remedy for indigestion, bilious and liver complaints, sick headache, loss of appetite, drowsiness, giddiness, spasms, and all disorders of the stomach and bowels; or where an aperient is required nothing can be better adapted.

PERSONS OF A FULL HABIT, subject to headache, giddiness, drowsiness, and singing in the ears arising from too great a flow of blood to the head, should never be without them, as many dangerous symptoms will be entirely carried off by their timely use.

For **FEMALES** these Pills are truly excellent, removing all obstructions, the distressing headache so very prevalent, depression of spirits, dullness of sight, nervous affections, blotches, pimples, sallowness of the skin and give a healthy bloom to the complexion. Sold by all Medicine Venders, at 1s. 1 1/2d. and 2s. 9d.

THURSTON'S BILLIARD TABLES.
THURSTON and CO., Billiard Table Makers, Lamp Makers, and Gas Fitters to H.M. the Queen, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, H.R.H. Prince Christian, H.R.H. Prince Leiningen, H.R.H. Prince Bariatinski, H.R.H. Prince L. Bonaparte, H.R.H. the Duc D'Aumale, H.R.H. the Duc De H.H. the Maharajah Dulcep Singh, the Right Honourable the Secretary of State for War, the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, &c.

LONDON,
LIVERPOOL,
AND
MANCHESTER.

THE LARGEST SHOW ROOMS FOR BILLIARD TABLES IN LONDON.

THURSTON'S BILLIARD TABLES.
The Public are invited to inspect the extensive Show Rooms of Messrs. THURSTON and CO., which cover an area of upwards of 5000 feet, and are replete with every requisite for the Billiard Player.

THE LARGEST SHOW ROOMS FOR BILLIARD TABLES IN LONDON.

THURSTON'S BILLIARD TABLES.
"Amid" (says the "Practical Magazine") "the inevitable jealousies and rivalries of competition, none would venture to challenge the assertion that the prize of renown is still the reward of those who hold the name and traditions of THURSTON."

THE LARGEST SHOW ROOMS FOR BILLIARD TABLES IN LONDON.

THURSTON'S BILLIARD-TABLES are fitted with their Improved Cushions which do not get hard in cold weather, and are specially suitable for private houses; or with cushions specially adapted for Clubs and Public Rooms. Cushions of Old Tables restuffed.

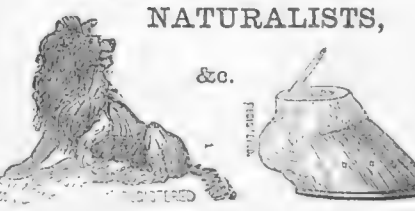
PATENT INDIA-RUBBER TYRES. NOISELESS WHEELS.

Silence and Comfort obtained. Wear and tear of the Carriage prevented.



Full particulars of the Patentees,
FRDK. BIRD & CO., 11, Gt. Castle St.,
REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

WARD & CO., NATURALISTS,
&c.



158, PICCADILLY.

THE MOST LAUGHABLE THING ON EARTH.—New Parlor Pastime. 50,000 Comical Transformations. Post-free 14 stamps. Endless amusement. Three Merry Men, 14 stamps.—H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick-street, Covent-garden.

THE ENCHANTED ALBUM.—By simply blowing on the edges of this enchanted volume it is instantly filled with an endless variety of Engravings, or is composed of Blank Leaves at will. Post-free for 30 stamps.—H. G. CLARKE and CO.

THE WIZARD'S BOX OF MAGIC.
Containing full instructions and apparatus for performing 10 capital conjuring tricks, sufficient for one hour's amusement. Post-free 14 stamps.—H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick-street.

THE MAGIC CIGAR-CASE, shown full of Cigars, closed, and found empty. Post-free for 14 stamps. Magic Fusee-Box, 14 stamps. Magic Snuff-Box, post-free 14 stamps.—H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick-street, Covent-garden.

THE MAGIC FOUNTAIN PIN. A unique Pin for the Scent diffusing, in a mysterious manner, sprays of Perfume at the will of the wearer. Post-free 14 stamps. H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick-st., Covent-garden.

THE SALOON BREECH-LOADING SPRING PISTOL. Warranted to throw a shot 300ft with great precision and force. In box, with ammunition, post-free for 16 stamps.—H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick-street, Covent-garden.

THE MAGIC SAILOR.—Roars of laughter at this amusing Figure, which will, when placed on the ground, commence dancing to any tune, astonishing all present. Post-free, with full instructions, for 14 stamps.—H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick-street, Covent-garden.

THE ENCHANTED TEA-CHEST.
100 Perfumed Rings from an Empty Box, post-free for 7 stamps. THE GREAT EGG TRICK, a new-laid egg from an empty bag, post-free for 14 stamps.—G. H. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick-street, Covent-garden.

NOTICE.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL beg to give NOTICE that their SALES on MONDAY will commence at ELEVEN O'CLOCK until further notice, getting to the Boxes at 1.30.

FOR PRIVATE SALE.

LIFE GUARDSMAN, a Yorkshire coaching horse, dark bay, with black legs, by Captain of the Guards out of a magnificent bay coaching mare of Mr. Easby's; her dam was also a grand bay coaching mare. Captain of the Guards was by Guardsman out of Mr. Fawcett's Paulinus, by Mr. Burton's Old Paulinus; her dam by Gamon, granddam by Lambkin, great granddam by Mr. Agar's Old Horse. Life Guardsman is a very fine specimen of the Yorkshire coaching horse. From his pure coach-horse breeding, great power, size, substance, height, action, handsome appearance, and colour, which he inherits from a long line of bay horses and mares, he is exactly what is required to beget the large London bay carriage-horses for which there is always such an enormous demand. Can be seen at Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush, W. For price apply to Mr. TATTERSALL, Albert-gate.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL have received instructions from Sir Morgan Crofton, Bart., to SELL by AUCTION, without reserve, on MONDAY, NOV. 15, the following HUNTERS, HACKS, &c., well known with the Heythrop Hounds. To be sold in consequence of their being up to more weight than the owner requires. They have been in constant work through the summer, and will be up to the day of the sale, and fit to go.

HUNTERS.

1. FIRST FLIGHT, chestnut gelding.
 2. FENIAN, bay gelding; has been broken to harness.
 3. THE GAMBLER, chestnut gelding, by Edendale.
 4. LORD ARTHUR, bay gelding, by Laughing Stock.
 5. RAT-TAT, chestnut gelding, by Kettledrum.
 6. THE DANDY, chestnut gelding; perfect as a lady's hunter.
 7. POLYGLUT, bay mare; good jumper, and winner of many races and hurdle-races.
- The horses marked thus (*) have carried a lady, and been regularly driven leaders and wheelers in a team through the summer.

MR. TOYNBEE'S ANNUAL SALE.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, NOV. 15, without reserve, about TWENTY HORSES, that have been selected from nearly every hunting country in the kingdom. They have all been hunted, and many are up to great weight. Also Mr. Toynbee, jun.'s, HARNESS HORSES and HACKS. Full particulars will appear in the Catalogues of the day. On view at Albert-gate, Saturday, Nov. 13.

ALDRIDGE'S, St. Martin's-lane. GREYHOUNDS.—On SATURDAY, NOV. 20, will be SOLD by PUBLIC AUCTION, the Kennel of G. J. Tanton, Esq. The same day, Saplings from James Gardner, Esq., Newmarket. Saturday, Nov. 27, Miscellaneous Sale. Saturday, Dec. 11, Mr. R. Clementson's Annual Sale. Saturday, Dec. 18, Mr. Clark's Annual Sale. Catalogues on application at Aldridge's. WILLIAM AND STEWART FREEMAN, Proprietors.

BARBICAN REPOSITORY.

MR. RYMILL will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, commencing at Eleven o'clock, ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY HORSES, suitable for professional gentlemen, tradesmen, cab proprietors, and others; active young cart and van horses for town and agricultural work; also a large assortment of carriages, carts, harness, &c.

SPECIAL SALE. FOOTIT'S GREAT ALLIED CIRCUS.

MR. RYMILL has been favoured with instructions from Mrs. Footit to SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, on WEDNESDAY, NOV. 17, at 11 for 12 o'clock punctually, at his REPOSITORY, Barbican, London, the valuable STUD and APPOINTMENTS of the above extensive and deservedly popular Travelling Circus, consisting of 57 Highly-Trained and Clever Manège, Trick, and Ring HORSES and PONIES, the Comic Donkeys Jack and Jill, 23 Tableaux, Living Band, and other Carriages, Harness and Luggage Vans, Cinderella Carriage, Clown's Pony-Traps, Fancy Parade and Luggage Harness, Pads, Bridles, and Trappings, Large Tents and Fittings, a New Drawing-Room Tent, expensively upholstered and fitted with every accommodation, the Extensive and Costly Wardrobe, Uniforms, Armour, and the multifarious appurtenances of a large and well-appointed Provincial Circus. On View two days prior. Catalogues of Messrs. Sanger, Astley's Amphitheatre, Lambeth; and of the Auctioneer, at his Repository, Barbican, London, E.C.

YEARLINGS FOR SALE or EXCHANGE for good BROOD MARES.—Apply to Mr. Van Haansbergen, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Filly, by Stentor—St. Etheldreda (late Sorrell); Filly, by Adventurer—Guadalupe (fourth in Oaks); Filly, by Strathearn—Demira (sister to Stork).

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.

VETERINARY INFIRMARY,



74, NEW-ROAD, GRAVESEND.

Contents of BARKER'S MEDICINE-CHESTS, all necessary Medicines for Horses, Cattle, and Dogs. No Farm or Stable complete without one. 6 Colic and Gripe Mixtures for Horses and Cattle. 6 Tonic and Stimulating Drinks for Horses. 12 Physic Balls. 12 Diuretic Balls. 12 Calving and Cleansing Drinks for Cows. 2 Bottles of Lotions for Sore Shoulders and Withers. 12 Condition and Cordial Balls. 2 Bottles of White Oils, for Sprains, &c. 1 Bottle of Tincture. 1 Can of "Barker's" celebrated Grease Ointment. 1 Large Pot of Blistering Ointment. 1 Ditto Box of Distemper Pills, for Dogs. The Whole complete in Case. Price 60s. From George Barker, Veterinary Officer to the Borough of Gravesend. Preventive Drink for Cattle against Foot-and-Mouth Disease, now so prevalent, price 15s. per dozen, with instructions.

DAY, SON, and HEWITT'S STOCKBREEDERS' MEDICINE CHEST, For all disorders in HORSES, CATTLE, CALVES, SHEEP, and LAMBS, and particularly recommended for Cows Calving, and Ewes Lambing, and for Scour or Diarrhoea in Lambs and Calves; also for Colic in Horses, and all cases of Debility in Stock. Price complete, with Shilling Key to Farriery, £2 16s. 6d. Carriage paid. 22, Dorset-street, Baker-street, London, W.

At Shepherd's Bush, three miles from Albert-gate.

LORD LYON (winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, and St. Leger), foaled 1863, by Stockwell out of Paradigm (dam of Man-at-Arms, Blue mantle, Gardevisure, and Achievement), by Paragon—Ellen Horne, by Redshanks—Delhi, by Plenipo, the sire of many winners, third on the list in numbers, 1875; latest winner, Water Lily; at 25gs, and 1 guinea the groom. COSTA, a brown horse, by The Baron out of Catherine Hayes (winner of the Oaks), by Lanercost out of Constance, by Partisan out of Quadrille, by Selim. Costa is a bay horse, 15 hands 3 inches, with large bone and plenty of power. He was a good racehorse at all distances. At 10gs, and 10s. the groom. CLANSMAN, a brown horse, by Roebuck, dam by Faughaballagh out of Makeaway, by Harkaway out of Clarinda, by Sir Hercules; Roebuck, by Mountain Deer out of Marchioness d'Eu, by Maggie out of Echidna, by Economist. Clansman is a dark brown, without white, and has got prize hunters. He comes of a large stock on both sides. The only thoroughbred mare put to him produced Brown Sarah, a winner. At 5gs thoroughbred, and 3gs half-bred mares, and 5s. the groom. Apply to D. Dollamore, Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush, for half-bred mares; and to Mr. Tattersall, Albert-gate, for subscriptions to thoroughbred mares. Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush, is within a mile of a first-class station at Kensington, with a communication with almost all the main lines, where mares can be sent.

Stallions at Highfield Hall, St. Albans.

JOSKIN, by West Australian out of Peasant Girl, by The Major (son of Sheet Anchor)—Glance, by Waxy Pope—Globe, by Quiz. At 20gs, and one guinea the groom. Joskin is the sire of Plebeian (winner of the Middle Park Plate), Chawbacon, and many other winners, out of very few mares, and is of a rare strain of blood suiting many mares. THE KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK (sire of Knight of the Crescent, Moslem, Orangeman, Tenedos, The Knight, Queen of the Bees, &c.), by The Knight of St. George out of Pocahontas (the dam of Stockwell, Ratanplan, King Tom, &c. Thoroughbred mares 10gs, 10s the groom. THE WARRIOR, a white horse, 16 hands 1 inch high, with great power and bone, fine action and temper, by King Tom out of Woodnymph, by Longbow—Mrs. Gill, by Viator—Lady Fractious, by Comus. He was a good racehorse, up to great weight; his half-bred stock in Lincolnshire are very fine; the only racehorse got by him is Amazon, a winner at two and three years old; the only yearling sold last year at Doncaster by him made 260gs; he is now in fine condition and very handsome, the type of the Arab; up to 16st. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs and 10s the groom, half-bred mares at 5gs and 5s the groom.

RUPERT (foaled in 1866), a red roan horse, 16 hands 2in high, by Knowsley out of Rapid Rhone's dam, by Lanercost or Retriever, her dam Physalis, by Bay Middleton—Baleine, by Whalebone. Knowsley was by Stockwell out of Brown Bess (General Peel's dam), by Camel, by Whalebone. Rupert thus combines the fastest with the best staying blood; he is very handsome, a beautiful red roan, with black legs, tail, and mane, fine shoulders, showy action, good bone, and fine temper; he was a good racehorse, started six times at three years old, winning three times, the Rous Stakes and the Drawing-Room Stakes at Goodwood, besides running in the Goodwood Cup the same week; he was fourth in the Derby. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs, half-bred mares at 5gs, unless sold before Jan. 1. All subscriptions for thoroughbred mares to be taken of Mr. Tattersall, at Albert-gate; half-bred mares of Mr. Elmer, at Highfield Hall, St. Albans, within two miles and a half of three lines of railway—viz., the Midland, London and North-Western, and Great Northern. All letters to meet mares, &c., to be sent to Mr. Elmer, Highfield Hall, St. Albans.

At BUCKLAND COURT, near Reigate.

KING OF THE FOREST, by Scottish Chief, out of Lioness, by Fandango, fifteen mares, besides a few of his owner's, at 30gs a mare, and 1 guinea to the groom. Apply to Thomas Cartwright, as above.

At the Stud Company's Farm, Cobham, Surrey. **CARNIVAL** Thirty Mares (including the Company's), at 50gs. GEORGE FREDERICK. Twenty mares (including the Company's), at 50gs. CATERER (sire of Pace, Leolinus, Allumette, &c.), at 40gs. WILD OATS. Thirty-five mares, at 25gs. CHATTANOOGA (sire of Wyanetonia and John Billington), by Orlando out of Aycanora, by I. Birdcatcher, her dam Pocahontas (dam of Stockwell), at 15gs. All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed. Foaling mares 25s. per week, barren mares 20s. per week. Apply to J. GRIFFITH, Stud Groom.

DANDIE DINMONT CLUB. Breeders and lovers of the Dandie Dinmont or Pepper-and-Mustard Terrier are invited to attend a MEETING to be held within the FLEECE HOTEL, at SELKIRK, at 2 o'clock, on NOV. 17 current (the date of the Selkirk Show of Dandie Dinmont Terriers), for the purpose of constituting the Dandie Dinmont Club and framing standard rules therefor. Copies of proposed rules may be had from the secretaries (pro tempore), Mr. H. DALZIEL, Green-hill House, Harlesden-green, London; and W. STRACHAN, Linlithgow, N.B.—Nov. 1.

STUD-WHITE DOG BULL-DOGS. SAUL, by Dan out of Polly. Winner of many prizes. SEPOY, Brindle Dog, by Turton's Crib out of Kit. First prize and silver cup, Nottingham, only time shown. For fee, &c., address V. S., 20, Buckingham-street.

HART—Important to the Public. Being my annual custom after the London season to introduce to the public a number of SECONDHAND CARRIAGES, which have been on job for the above season, the same having been sent out new, and in use from two to three months only; comprising Landaus fitted with our patent head, double and single Broughams, Victorias, Barouches, Wagonettes fitted with our patent sliding seats, reversible to Stanhope Phaetons; lady's driving Phaetons, Spider Phaetons, T-carts, and every fashionable carriage of the day. Carriages to Let; no hire charged if purchased. Carriages can be had on the three-years' system.—79, New Bond-street (six doors from Oxford-street). Established 1830.

J. H. STEWARD'S BINOCULAR, DEER-STALKING, SPORTING, AND OTHER TELESCOPES. The high reputation these Glasses have attained induces J. H. Steward to invite all persons seeking a Good Glass to apply for one of his NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES, gratis and post-free to all parts. 406, Strand; 66, Strand; 54, Cornhill; 63, St. Paul's-churchyard. Opticians to the British and Foreign Governments, and the National Rifle Associations of England, America, and Canada (by appointment).

THE most comfortable RESTAURANT in LONDON.—FIELDER'S (next door to the "Illustrated London News" Office), 190, Strand. Table d'Hôte at 6. Dinners à la Carte. Superior Wines.

HUNTING.

PROPERT'S BOOT-TOP POWDERS are now prepared on a new and improved principle, to agree with the various modern processes of tanning, so that no discolouration or injury to the leather can ever take place if this preparation only is used. Light Brown, Nut-Brown, White, Pink, &c. **PROPERT'S BOOT-TOP FLUID** is prepared ready for use, in two rich colours—Light Brown and Nut-Brown. **PROPERT'S POLISHING CREAM** for Boot-Tops, and Saddle Paste for Saddles, Bridges, and Brown Harness. **PROPERT'S PASTE** for cleaning Leather, Cloth, and Cord Hunting-Breeches, Gloves, Belts, &c. **TRAVELLING-BOXES**, containing Four Jars of Paste, Two Brushes, and Two Sponges, £1 1s. **COUNT D'ORSAY'S UNIQUE WATERPROOF POLISH** for Hunting-Boots, Carriage Heads, Gig-Aprons, &c.—Proper, Sole Agent. **PROPERT'S IMPROVED HARNESS COMPOSITION** will not clog the stitches, is a fine polish, and thoroughly waterproof. 1s. and 1s. 6d. **PROPERT'S PLATE POWDER** (non-mercurial), the purest and safest article for polishing silver and electro-plated goods. 1s. and 2s. **PROPERT'S CLOTH-BALL**, for DRY-CLEANING scarlet, white, and light-coloured cloths, kerseys, tweeds, military facings, &c. Price 1s. **PROPERT'S FRENCH VARNISH**, for DRESS-BOOTS, lies evenly on the leather; is very bright and elastic, yet not sticky. No unpleasant odour. **PROPERT'S WATERPROOFING COMPOUND**, for Shooting, Fishing, and Sea-Boots, &c. Manufactory—22, SOUTH AUDLEY-STREET, GROSVENOR-SQUARE, LONDON. Descriptive Lists, with Prices, sent free by post.

IMPROVED BREECHLOADERS.

THE finest assortment in London, all the latest improvements, self-closing, snap-actions, with under or top lever, or side lever, rebounding locks, **EXTRA CLOSE-SHOOTING PLAIN OR BEST GUNS.**

Increased pattern and penetration. Immediate trial a our Shooting-Grounds, Wood-lane, Shepherd's-bush. Excellent SECONDHAND BREECHLOADERS, Central-fire, in fine condition, at reduced prices.

EXPRESS DOUBLE-BARREL RIFLES and MINIATURE EXPRESS.

360, 450, and 500 bore, first-rate workmanship, and fine shooting, with metallic cartridges, loading many times with 4 to 5 drs. powder. Large numbers to select from in finished and forward state. Single Barrels, on the latest and best systems of Martini, Swinburne, Henry, and others. Wonderful accuracy and low trajectory. Prices from 10 guineas.

E. M. REILLY AND CO.,

502 AND 315, OXFORD-STREET, LONDON; RUE SCRIBE, PARIS. Illustrated Price-Lists on application.

THE NEW AIR-PISTOL, for Indoor and Garden Amusement. Prices, 20s. and 25s. each. E. M. REILLY and CO., 502, New Oxford-street, London.

H. HOLLAND'S ROOK RIFLES. FREEDOM FROM ESCAPE AND FOULING. FACILITY OF LOADING. ACCURACY UNEQUALLED. Price £5 each; ditto, Steel Barrels and Engraved, £6 to £10.

In all these essential points H. H.'s Rifles still retain that front position given them four years ago. PERFECTION OF RIFLING. PERFECT CARTRIDGES.

The Editor of the "Field" says:—"We have frequently put in the half of a playing-card three shots at thirty, three at fifty, and three at one hundred yards, using same sight, taken full, with one of Holland's Rook Rifles." Mr. A. P., 21st Fusiliers, writes:—"I fired eight successive shots at one hundred yards, mean deviation 0.7 of an inch; all would have struck a hen's egg." New SAFETY CARTRIDGE, will not glance; made solely for H. H.'s Rifles. "The Climax." Holland's new MINIATURE EXPRESS RIFLES, for Seal, Deer, &c.; flat trajectory, 20 to 150 yards; will fire small charge for Rook-Shooting. Price-Lists on application. Rifles exchanged free of charge if not approved of. Agents in India: WHEATLEY and CO., Bombay.

H. HOLLAND,

GUN AND RIFLE MAKER, 98, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON.

NOTICE.—JOHN BLISSETT and SON, GUN, RIFLE, and PISTOL MAKERS, 98, High Holborn, are now making their guns with all the latest improvements. Long conversant with the requirements of Indian sportsmen, they guarantee a good gun or rifle at moderate cost.

THE NEW SELF-LOCKING, SELF-COCKING, AND

SELF-EXTRACTING BREECH LOADER. For particulars, address J. and H. NEEDHAM, Gunmakers, 53, Piccadilly, London.

HENRY W. EGG, PATENT SNAP-ACTION GUNS. All the latest improvements. Express Rifles, Rook Rifles, Revolvers. —1, Piccadilly, London.

XL. CARTRIDGE LOADER is strong, very accurate, quick, and measures 9 by 4 by 3 inches. Price 25s. The "Field," July 24. "Altogether, we think it by far the best Cartridge Loader yet brought out for sportsmen." NORTH and CO., Birmingham.

STEPHEN GRANT, By Special appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, BREECH-LOADING GUN & RIFLE MANUFACTURER, 67A, ST. JAMES'S-STREET, LONDON.

FREDERIC T. BAKER,

GUN AND RIFLE MANUFACTURER,

INVITES Sportsmen requiring a BREECH-LOADING GUN to inspect those manufactured by him with barrel bored on his new principle, which gives increased pattern and penetration with less recoil than the old principle of boring. See report of "Field" Gun Trial, May 1 and 8, which shows his guns took the lead of the London gunmakers. Barrels fitted to any breechloader on this new principle, at a moderate price. The shooting guaranteed same as shown at "The Field" Gun trial. Address, F. T. BAKER, 68, Fleet-street, E.C. Winner of the Trial with soft shot from Choke Bore Guns (vide "Field," June 26). Dépôt for the Reveire and Baker celebrated Cartridge Closer. Price 12s. 6d., 16s., and 20s.

LONG-RANGE SHOT CARTRIDGES.

MADE BY

WILLIAM MOORE & GREY, GUNMAKERS,

43, OLD BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.

N.B.—The spiral coils for these Cartridges, with the composition used in loading, can now be purchased in boxes of 500, at 35s.; or in ditto of 1000 at 65s. Instructions for Loading sent with each box.

JOHN RIGBY & CO., GUN AND RIFLE MAKERS,

(ESTABLISHED 1770),

are now manufacturing to order RIGBY'S PATENT SNAP-LEVER DOUBLE GUNS, with latest improvements in shooting power. RIGBY'S BREECH-LOADING EXPRESS RIFLES, single and double, of various sizes. RIGBY'S CELEBRATED MATCH RIFLE, which made highest score in Elcho Shield Match, Wimbledon Cup, Dudley and Lloyd's Cup Competitions, at Wimbledon, 1875.

Apply for Price-Lists

(with Remarks on Breech-loading Guns) to 24, SUFFOLK-STREET, DUBLIN;

and

72, ST. JAMES'S-STREET, LONDON, S.W.

ELKINGTON and CO.,

PATENTEEES OF THE ELECTRO PLATE, MANUFACTURING SILVERSMITHS, FINE-ART METAL WORKERS, &c.

Beg to caution the public against forged and deceptive marks used by nefarious manufacturers to induce the sale of inferior qualities of electro plate. All goods manufactured by Elkington and Co. are distinctly stamped with their marks.

ELKINGTON and CO.,

and "E. and Co., under a crown."

Books of Patterns and Prices, Designs for Race and Regatta Plate, Presentation Services, Estimates for Clubs, Hotels, Steam-Ships, &c., sent on application.

22, REGENT-STREET, LONDON;

City House, 45, Moorgate-street, E.C.;

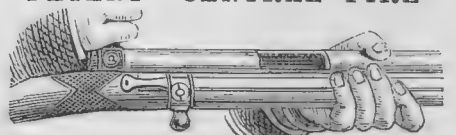
25, Church-street, Liverpool;

St. Ann's-square, Manchester.

Manufactory, Newhall-street, Birmingham.

BACON'S

PATENT CENTRAL-FIRE



COMPLETELY EJECTS THE EMPTY CARTRIDGE and RE-COCKS ITSELF.

The earlier patterns for sale from £5.—Address, FRANCIS BACON, Esq., Cholsey, Wallingford, for all particulars.

DRY FEET.

Gentlemen are respectfully invited to inspect our various descriptions of CLUMP SOLED BOOTS AND SHOES, 25s. to 35s., and our new "PEDESTRIAN BOOTS," 45s.

THOMAS D. MARSHALL and BURT,

192, Oxford-street, London.

CAUTION, WATERMARK.—

TOBACCO Messrs. W. D. and H. O. WILLS intimate that, to prevent fraud, every packet of their "best Bird's-Eye" Tobacco now bears the Name and Trade Mark of their Firm both printed on and woven in the paper.

JOHN GOSNELL AND CO.'S CHERRY TOOTH-PASTE,

GREATLY SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHER TOOTH-POWDER,

gives the teeth a pearl-like whiteness, and protects the enamel from decay.

Price 1s. 6d. per Pot.

Angel-passage, 93, Upper Thames-street, London.

LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR

RESTORER.—Large Bottles, 1s. 6d. Restores the colour to grey or white hair in a few days. It is the best, safest, and cheapest. Sold by all Chemists.—J. PEPPER, 237, Tottenham-court-road, London, whose name and address are on the label, or it is spurious.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), 7, Bank-buildings, Lothbury, E.C.

General Accidents.

Railway Accidents.

Personal Injuries.

Death by Accidents.

C. HARDING, Manager.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—See article in the "Civil Service Gazette."

Made simply with boiling water or milk.

Sold only in packets (tins for abroad), labelled,

JAMES EPPS and CO.,

Homeopathic Chemists,

46, Threadneedle-street; and 170, Piccadilly;

Works, Euston-road and Cunden Town, London.

(Makers of Epps's Glycerine Jujubes, throat irritation.) London: Printed and Published at the Office, 138, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex, by THOMAS FOX, 138, Strand, aforesaid.—SATURDAY, NOV. 13, 1875.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

other gems of his choice stud before they passed into Mr. Houldsworth's possession, and Mr. Gee has not repented of sending Virtue, Rupee, and other queens of Dewhurst to start him in life, having had his reward at the sale last July in Park Paddocks. The same distinguished Dewhurst matrons revisit their old love at Buckland next spring, and a couple of mares from Cobham, with divers "sundries," go far to fill his list for the coming season. We cannot help thinking that the wise restriction exercised over his early labours at the stud has been the cause of King of the Forest's youngsters showing the size and substance of the produce of far bigger stallions. People who felt inclined to pass him by as merely a "good little un" have changed their note, and verily they might have been spared apprehension on this score, looking at what Parmesan and other "ponies" have accomplished in their day and generation.

We shall keep our readers well posted up in the doings of stud farms during the winter, feeling assured that the only true method of forming correct judgments on young stock is to inspect them from time to time, instead of hazarding opinions, the result of a solitary or casual inspection during their "growing days."

HOW "MASTER JACK" SAVED THE BALLYCROTTY CUP.

BY RALPH NEVILLE.

My first mount as a gentleman rider has left an indelible impression on my mind, and I often indulge in its remembrance with feelings of pride and unalloyed pleasure. It was, in truth, the great event of my boyhood; and sure I am that I felt more genuine gratification in taking my seat in the "pigskin" on that memorable occasion than I did in later years on taking my seat—after a desperate election—as a county member in the House of Commons.

This much ambitioned distinction was conferred upon me in consequence of a disappointment arising from circumstances at that period often impeding the free action of Irish gentlemen. I was, in fact, an inexperienced substitute for a Captain L—, a celebrated steeplechase rider, being selected to take his place as a *dernier ressort*, when no other better qualified person could be found to fill it. I happened to be staying on a visit with an uncle, a thorough sportsman, who was the principal getter-up of a local steeplechase, to be run on the next day for a very valuable silver cup. According to the arrangements usually made on such occasions, it was finally to become the absolute property of the person who won it three times in succession; and, as often happens, it had been carried off on the two previous occasions by the same horse, which naturally enough was first favourite on this. Should he now come in as winner, the amusement which the annual contest for it afforded to the people of the vicinity would most probably come to an end, as there would be great, if not insurmountable, difficulty in raising a sufficient subscription to purchase another prize of the same worth. To avoid this threatened calamity my uncle had taken particular pains in training his best hunter to contest the race; and had the good luck to induce the most distinguished gentleman jockey of the day to "tool" him.

Everything connected with the preparations for the impending struggle was, in so far as our party was concerned, proceeding most favourably. "Gamecock" was regularly hunted, which is perhaps the very best training for a cross-country race. He took his interim exercise under the superintendence of an old and experienced groom, and improved day by day in condition until competent judges declared him "fit to run for his life." A succession of rainy days, which rendered the "going" heavy, perfectly suited his capabilities, and every one who witnessed his performances in the hunting-field or at home predicted the assured victory of the steed on whose success we based our hopes. Our gentleman jockey had arrived the previous evening in time for dinner; and, after a jolly night, the family and visitors were seated at breakfast on the morning of the day on which the great event was to be decided in high glee, and fully anticipating the pleasure of bearing home the prize amidst the cheers of the peasantry crowding the roads. Six bottles of genuine cognac—as much as the cup could contain—were told off to cheer the hearts of the visitors, who were expected to offer their congratulations on the victory. The ladies prevailed on the gallant captain to divest himself of coat and waistcoat and exhibit his jacket, which he had donned beneath them; and I shall never forget the admiration with which I regarded the magnificent display. It consisted of a satin scarlet body, with yellow cap and sleeves, and all were loudly applauding its good taste and perfect fit, when a "boy," about thirty years of age, carrying his "brogues" and stockings carefully tucked up under his arm, lest they might, if worn, impede the rapidity of his motion, and evidently fatigued by his journey, tapped at the window and held up a small note which he carried in his hand. He was instantly recognised by the captain, who, with imprecations on his lips as he hastily resumed his clothes, at once proceeded to the hall to meet him. "What's the matter now, Barney?" he demanded, as he broke the seal of the letter. "By gorra! I'm aferrd nothin' that's good; but I'm glad I got in time, anyhow." "Go down stairs and get breakfast." "Thank yer Honer," he replied, "it's useless; for the race I had took the eatin' intirely out iv me; but, av ye plase, I'll just taste a drop of drink."

The missive ran thus:—"You must not go to the race. Three dogs were thrown into my well last night and another into the coroner's"—dogs standing for writs in the phraseology used by the Sub-Sheriff when communicating with those he had an interest in serving.

While the captain stood meditating on what was best to be done, Barney became communicative after having tossed off a bumper of whisky. "I can easily gather as many 'men' as will thrash any rascals that attempts to molest yer Honer; an I'm aferrd there's somethin' wrong, as the head bailiff, auld Ned, that's a true man, wouldn't give me time to say my prayers before startin', and tould me to run as if the devil himself was at my heels." "Wait until I send for you," said the captain. "Damn the rascals," he muttered, as he handed the note to my uncle, who repeated the malediction, which was reiterated with increasing emphasis as it passed from hand to hand of all the men present.

"What's to be done now?" the captain asked my uncle. "It's clear I can't risk it. You must find some one else."

It was now but a few hours before the start was fixed to take place. Mounted servants were instantly dispatched to gentlemen in the neighbourhood who were supposed to be capable of riding the race; but some were from home and others ill. Black despair prevailed, when one of the girls of the house suddenly exclaimed, "Why not put up Cousin Jack?" "Pshaw!" replied my uncle. "That's nonsense." "He knows the horse," and has more than once, to my own knowledge, ridden him when exercising," urged the girl; "and he's surely better than nobody." "Could you do it, Jack?" demanded the old gentleman. "Of course I could," was my

prompt reply. "He seems a plucky chap," remarked the captain, as he looked me all over, "and, if he can only keep his seat, it's better to mount him than let the cup go without an effort being made to save it. At worst, if he doesn't break his neck, he can only be beaten." "But how," asked my uncle, "can we rig him out suitably for the occasion?" "I'll lend him breeches and top-boots," cried one of the visitors, not far above my own dimensions. "And we," continued my aunt, speaking for her daughters, "can alter the jacket to make it fit him after a fashion." "But what about his weight?" added my uncle. "I don't think he can turn the scale at eight stone." "Get the heaviest saddle in the harness-room and we'll pad it with shot."

The excitement produced by the warning note of the head-bailiff had scarcely subsided when a mounted groom arrived in hot haste with a letter from a friend cautioning the captain not to appear in public, as he had every reason to believe that the person to whom he passed his acceptance had issued a writ against him. "You know, my dear fellow," he concluded, "that you gave me this bill for the price of a horse, now dead more than two years, and that I have renewed it for upwards of four years. And I assure you that nothing but my own necessities would have induced me to put it in circulation; so that you cannot justly blame me for any inconvenience you may be put to on its account." "There's a pretty friend," muttered the captain from between his clenched teeth. "What right had the rascal to pass a gentleman's bill before it was his convenience to pay it? Never mind! I'll teach him better manners the first time I come across him." I must own that when I looked in the glass as I stood before it, decked out in my borrowed finery, I became quite enamoured of my personal appearance; and, as we drove to the course, my impatience to exhibit myself to the admiration of the public became almost insupportable. At the scales, greatly to my own subsequent inconvenience, I was brought up to the requisite weight; but, when mounted and proceeding to the post, I felt greatly annoyed that the surrounding crowd allowed me to pass quietly through them without greeting me with a cheer. The fact was that—being in utter ignorance of the great part I was about to perform—they did not recognise me; and it was only when the race was being actually run, and the rumour spread that "little Master Jack" was riding Gamecock, that their enthusiasm became roused, and continued to increase as I took the fences in good style, and they perceived me to be equal to the task I had undertaken. To complete four miles it was necessary to go twice round the course; and, in consequence of a long and heavy shower, there was a great delay at the start, and night was fast approaching when the five horses that came to the post were sent upon their way. The race became a waiting one; the favourite led at a slow pace, his jockey evidently reserving his powers, while those who followed seemed disinclined to press him; and I, acting on special directions from the captain, adopted their line of conduct.

A torrent of rain was falling and a thick fog prevailed as we passed the winning-post the first time, which compelled the sight-seers to take shelter as best they could, so that we went on to complete the second lap quite unnoticed, drenched to the skin; and, in so far as I was concerned, altogether disgusted that we had created no sensation. Two of the horses had either fallen themselves or cast their riders at the fences in the first round, and only Gamecock, the favourite, and another were left in the race. The speed had become greatly increased; and as we approached the run home I looked back to see how matters stood. The favourite was close upon me, with nothing else in view. As my horse was still full of running and pulling hard I became gradually hopeful of success, and was quite prepared to receive him when he made his rush, which he promptly did. The struggle then commenced in earnest. We were going along head and head locked together, I having the whip-hand, when suddenly the third horse dashed by us, and at once, to my utter amazement, assumed a clear lead. A minute before he was not visible, even at a considerable distance; and how he could so quickly have overtaken us was to me inexplicable, and appeared to be equally so to the rider of the favourite, who could not, even in the heat of the contest, suppress an exclamation of surprise. Whip and spur were freely had recourse to; the favourite was pumped out; and the new arrival passed the post a winner, beating me only by a short head.

My mortification was great at this unexpected disappointment; and the rider of the defeated favourite, to whom I was personally known, noticing it, kindly complimented me on my performance after we had weighed. "Come, Jack, my boy; don't be downhearted; you made a capital fight for it; and how a fellow that I couldn't get a sight of when we finished the first round managed to catch and beat us passes my comprehension. To be sure, the rain and fog might have concealed him from my view."

The winning jockey did not rank as a gentleman. Still, not being a professional and coming within the class who never rode for hire, he was duly passed as qualified. Having changed my saturated clothes, partaken of the cognac and other creature comforts, and been highly gratified by a popular ovation and the encomiums bestowed on my pluck and my judgment as a rider by everyone who shook hands with me, I was proceeding homewards, accompanied by some friends, when we found a crowd collected on the course before us, with the successful jockey on horseback in the midst of them, carrying the cup before him on the pommel of his saddle. As he remained stationary one of our party remarked, "That snob must be making a speech on his triumph; let us pull up and hear what he says." On our nearer approach, however, we noticed that the man was mute and ashy pale, and that Barney, the bailiff's messenger, was standing right in front of him, with the rein of his bridle in one hand and a heavy blackthorn stick in the other. "Down with that cup at once," he cried, "or by the — I'll smash ye." "I won't give it up; I won't fairly," was the reply. "You lie, ye 'shoneen,'" roared Barney; "Didn't myself and a dozen of the 'boys' here present see you dive into the sandpit, near the end of the first round, in the middle of the storm, and didn't we wait until we saw you sneak out iv it when the horses passed ye in the last round and come up with them and win, cause yer beast was fresh; and d'ye call that fair play? Down with that cup, I say, at once, or I'll 'leather' ye, and take it, ye skulking robber as ye are." The fellow seemed perfectly stunned by the accusation brought against him, and, permitting Barney to seize the prize without further resistance, immediately took to flight. "Ain't you a purty lad, Master Jack," as he saw me, "that never missed that thief when he hid in the pit, and never saw him when he came out of it, and let yerself and that 'omedhawn' that was ridin' aside iv ye, if it wasn't that myself and those chaps here didn't happen to be drinkin' some whisky to keep the wet out, in shelter iv the bushes, nither iv ye would ever know a word of what happened." Finding on further investigation that the "messenger's" accusation was well founded, I returned and placed my objection, together with the cup, in the hands of the stewards. The matter was fully investigated next day, when the owner of the winning horse, disgusted with the trick to which his rider had recourse, at once abandoned his claim, and during the next year the

brilliant prize remained on the sideboard of my uncle. We passed a joyous night in commemoration of our victory. Many hunting songs were sung, and many bottles of prime port were emptied; but, on meeting at the breakfast-table next morning, we found that the captain had taken his departure at a very early hour, the servant who gave the information adding "that between day and dark was the time he always chose to change his quarters."

Next morning my uncle received a letter couched in the following terms:—"My dear Bob, kindly send me your 'barkers' by Beam; unfortunately mine are greatly damaged, and I've not had time to get them repaired since they met with their accident. The hair-trigger of the best of them is out of order, and the stock of the other was split last week by Dan Bodkin's ball when he fought Dennis Bingham. I have a heavy affair on hand, acting as second for an inexperienced friend, that admits of no delay—it is a case in which 'business must be done,' so like a good fellow don't disappoint me. P.S.—Strictly confidential. They meet in the churchyard of Drumdigan at eight o'clock to-morrow morning—it is a lonely and convenient place, where interruption is not likely. I was proud of Jack's behaviour in the saddle; no doubt he will in future often be asked to ride, and if you wish to have him 'entered' let him come over to dinner. A straight shot is often the quickest and best way of settling an unfounded objection in 'steeplechase.'" We had little difficulty in learning the cause of quarrel and names of the intended combatants from the groom who carried back the small mahogany case. The Captain had grossly insulted and then laid his whip on young Tom B—'s shoulders for having passed his bill into circulation; and the man added, "it will be a bitter business, for there *must* be a hit." As the former was well known to be a dead shot, and the latter had never been under fire, his honour was intrusted by his widowed mother to the care of a relative who was considered a first-rate authority on the law of duelling.

I reached the second's house—a bachelor's one—in time for dinner; and it was quite evident to me that his "young friend" felt rather uncomfortable. He was silent, and did not seem to enjoy his meal. He brightened up, however, after dinner, as our host took care that he was often and liberally supplied with wine. When the servants had drawn the cloth and retired, after placing decanters on the table, our Amphitruon addressed the assembled guests—many of whom had already often smelt powder—"Now, boys (there was not a married man amongst them, and all were therefore, according to Irish habit, entitled to the designation), I want your special advice in this case. Although I have no doubt our young friend will act stoutly, ay, and 'pink' the captain too (as he vigorously slapped him on the back), still, I always like to study carefully the line of conduct I ought to pursue when on the 'sod.' In the first place, then, so far as my experience goes, I always found it the safest plan, when dealing with such a customer as the captain, to put an unpractised hand as close as possible to such a cool and practised adversary; and, therefore, should I win the 'toss' for distance, I shall plant Tom within eight paces of him, and be sure that in stepping them I'll make them as short as possible." His young friend did not at all appear to relish the proposition, although it was unanimously approved of by the rest of the auditory, one grisly-headed fellow, as a mark of his coincidence in the opinion, stating "that when he shot Mike O'Flahertie the muzzles of the pistols were within eight feet of each other, a circumstance which, he was thankful to say, most happily saved his *own* life." "And now," continued our host, "as all devices are fair in war, and the snow is lying thick on the ground, I mean to dress Tom altogether in white, which will harmonise perfectly with the background, and may puzzle the captain in case his second should win the 'toss' and make the distance twelve paces, as he surely will if he can (it was evident his 'young friend' hoped he might). Just look out, Jack, and see if it be snowing still." On my assuring him that it was, he joyously remarked, "All the better, I wish it may continue so till morning, as in that case all the chances will be in Tom's favour. By gad, my boy (again slapping Tom's back), he may mistake you for a ghost or a tombstone." Ringing the bell, he ordered the servant to see if the housemaid had finished the alteration of his duck trousers; and, if so, to bring them up, along with the cook's white jacket and cap. The man soon returned with the toggery, and the host handed the pantaloons to his protégé, telling him to draw them on over his own, as the weather would be rather cold. He was a tall and lusty man, while the youth was short and thin; so that the waistband of the "ducks" reached his armpits, notwithstanding the partial diminution of their length. "Now, on with the cap and jacket. Beautiful!" he roared, while a general laugh arose amongst the company. "Now, to bed, my boy. You must not touch punch. Sleep well, and get up in the morning with a steady hand; you'll be called in proper time."

It was still snowing heavily when we reached the churchyard. The "young friend" complained more than once of cold on the way, and brandy was administered on each occasion—his mentor giving him a peppermint-lozenge after every draught to take off the smell of the liquor, lest it should be supposed that he wanted a stimulant. The hostile party were already on the ground. The captain's friend won the toss for distance, and, as our host had anticipated he would do, made it twelve paces; and most maliciously managed to place the youth in a line with and not far from a remarkably tall tombstone—a marked advantage for the captain. While all was being arranged the snow fell more thickly than ever. The youth, suddenly throwing off his muffling, stepped to the "spud;" and, as the word "Fire!" was given, I heard the bailiff's messenger shout out, "Don't fire at it, Captain! By G—, it's a ghost!"

On discharging his pistol before the captain did his, Tom slipped, and unfortunately fell flat on the snow, but recovered his position with remarkable agility before the accident could be noticed, when he heard the captain's ball—who fired in the air—smash the church window. The gallant gentleman, then advancing, frankly admitted the impropriety of his conduct; but, having stood his adversary's fire, he hoped that that would be deemed sufficient satisfaction for the offence committed, and that the matter would then be considered as ended. Tom's friend acquiesced, while the youth himself assured the captain that law proceedings should be stopped and his bill renewed to suit his convenience. Both parties, including of course the two principals, then adjourned to the house of Tom's second, as being nearest to the scene of action. A jolly night ensued, and the captain, after he had quaffed some tumblers of potteen punch, complimented his former antagonist on his very cool conduct and well-directed shot, which had carried away one of the buttons from the back of his top coat, assuring him that occasional practice would soon render him a troublesome customer. As some days must elapse, in consequence of the then tedious post-office deliveries, before the necessary steps could be accomplished for the withdrawal of the writ, the now perfectly reconciled parties remained to enjoy themselves in their very pleasant and hospitable quarters until the necessary arrangements were effected.



A RUSSIAN GAME CART, (Vide Article on "Sport in Russia.")

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

LOCH-FISHING IN GENERAL.

THE most sportsman-like method of fishing the lochs and still waters of Scotland and Ireland is with the artificial fly. It is not that the largest and best fish are taken by this means; on the contrary, the great bulk of the fish that rise at a fly will be found to be nearer half a pound than a pound; but the heaviest baskets in the aggregate are almost invariably made by this style of fishing, which makes most demands upon the arts of the angler. It is true the same amount of skill is not requisite in fishing lochs as running water—the nicety in casting, the delicacy of manipulation, and the almost intuitive knowledge of the habits of the fish, which are indispensable in the one kind of angling, are not required, except in a very minor degree, in the other. In stream-fishing the angler has to vary his method of casting with every turn of the current, with every swirl or eddy, with every projecting bush or overhanging tree, whereas in still water all that is necessary for him is to ply his line unremittingly in the same monotonous fashion. On this account loch-fishing has been condemned as tending to place the tyro and the experienced fisherman on an equality; and there is no doubt that many anglers would think more of a few brace of wary trout taken in a well-whipped water than a heavy basketful bagged in some remote loch.

And yet there is a charm about loch-fishing which few who have ever experienced it will readily forget. Apart from the magnificent scenery, in the midst of which the majority of lochs are situated, and the keen sense of enjoyment afforded by a sail or row upon a broad expanse of water, encircled on every side by a wall of purple hills—the uncertain character of the pursuit—the tantalising doubt as to whether the next fish will prove a paltry half-pounder or a monster *salmo ferox*—invests the sport with a zest peculiarly its own. Besides, loch-fishing is by no means the common-place sport it has been described. If it does not demand the exercise of the fly-fisher's highest art and skill, it requires a very considerable amount of knowledge of a certain kind, and the angler, to be successful, must be a diligent student of the varying conditions of water, wind, and sky, and adapt his tactics accordingly. To know where to fish is half the battle; for in the majority of lochs there are only a few particular spots where the fish will lie or feed—generally where the water begins to shoal; for, except when spinning for the great lake trout, it is rarely any use trying the deeps. As, however, very little loch-fishing is done from the shore, the selection of the water may be safely left to the boatman, who is generally an experienced fisherman himself, and knows almost intuitively the exact localities where the best fish are to be found. Thus far the professional may be trusted; and, if you have confidence in his skill, you may occasionally leave the selection of your flies to his judgment. But, as you value your peace of mind, buy not from him, neither suffer him on any account to rig up your casts for you. "Fish fine," that golden rule of all angling, is utterly ignored in Scotland. Not one amateur fisherman in twenty, and it is not too much to say not one professional in a hundred ever pays the slightest attention to this important point, or, if they do acknowledge it in stream-fishing, totally disregard it in loch-fishing. And yet fine tackle is as important in one as the other. Of course, on a blustering, windy day, when the surface of the loch is lashed into foam, and no natural flies can settle on the water, it is almost immaterial whether your cast be fine or coarse, the whitest and stoutest gut may be employed without prejudice, but when the water is smooth or just crisped by a passing breeze, fine tackle is indispensable, and the finer the casts the greater the chance of success.

A great amount of misconception also prevails, more especially among the "professionals," as to colour and size of the flies to be used in loch-fishing. Some advocate some particular shade of colour—some particular "dubbing" for body and some particular feather for wing—and lustily maintain that nothing else will kill; others hold that the lure used must be an imitation of the natural fly that is "on," and the nearer it resembles the natural insect the better will be your chance of deceiving the fish. Both these theories, I am satisfied, are utterly untenable. The great art of loch-fishing is to suit your flies, both in size and colour, to the existing conditions of weather and water. In heavy weather, or when the water is very dark coloured, large and gaudy flies, with plenty of tinsel about them, should be used; but in clear water, or when there is little wind blowing, gold or silver twist is, as a rule, utterly out of place, and sober or neutral-tinted flies, dressed on small hooks—say No. 9 or No. 10—will be found most serviceable. Again, the angler should adapt his flies according to the shyness or boldness of the fish. In lochs, or waters that are little fished, the trout are generally unsophisticated, and will dash eagerly at any description of lure that may be offered them. Under such circumstances the size and colour of the fly are almost immaterial, though even here the angler who pays some attention to these considerations will fare the better. In waters, however, that are regularly whipped the fish speedily become shy and suspicious, and the smallest and most neatly-tied counterfeits are necessary to tempt them to rise at all freely. Again, the depth of the water will not unfrequently regulate the size of the fly. For example, when fishing close inshore, on a shelving bank, small flies should be employed; but when casting further out, where there is eight or ten feet of water, flies of a larger pattern are requisite, as the trout almost invariably lie at or near the bottom, and a big fly is necessary to attract their attention.

As for the "imitation" theory, I have no faith in it. It is quite possible—mind, I say "possible"—that in some very clear and well-fished south-country streams, such as the Wandle, the Itchen, Test, &c., a close resemblance to some particular natural insect, such as the "sedge-fly," the "little iron blue," or the "quill-gnat," may be desirable; but in north-country water, where "fancy flies" are often most killing, the "imitation theory" is totally inapplicable. Can any one suppose that any trout in his sober senses believes the betinselled lure that floats over his head bears any resemblance to anything in heaven or earth, or the waters under the earth, on which he has been accustomed to feed? In point of fact, it is very doubtful whether a trout takes the artificial insect for a "fly" at all, or at any rate for a live fly; for nine times out of ten it comes to them completely submerged. Possibly they may regard it as the larva of some subaqueous insect struggling up to the top; or, what is more probable, they see it is something moving, and then instinct tells them it is something eatable, just on the same principle that a trout will rush fiercely at a pail the first time it is offered to him, though he never saw such an article of food before, and it certainly bears no resemblance to fish, flesh, or fowl.

Next to fly-fishing, "spinning," or rather trailing—for the rod is generally allowed to do its own work from the stern of a boat—is the favourite method of loch-fishing. Fewer fish are taken by spinning than by fly-fishing; but, to those who prefer quality to quantity, this mode of angling will commend itself, as the big trout that lie in the deep water and are not readily tempted to rise at the fly can rarely resist the fascinations of a spinning bait that comes within their reach. As a rule, in the Scotch lochs an artificial bait is employed—gene-

rally a "spoon;" but this I believe to be very inferior to a yellow-tinted "phantom," which I have found, from experience, to be the most killing of all, especially among the common brown trout. But, whenever they are procurable, by all means use the natural bait, more especially if fishing in a water like Loch Leven, in which the great lake trout is known to exist; though, as a matter of fact, there are few lochs in Scotland where the *salmo ferox* is not occasionally found. Comparatively few specimens of this predatory fish are taken; but this, I am inclined to think, is owing not so much to their scarcity as to the want of knowledge on the part of the angler how and where to fish for them. An intimate friend of mine and a most accomplished angler, who I believe has taken as many great lake trout as any man in Scotland, tells me that the great mistake made by the anglers here is their not fishing "deep enough." The *salmo ferox* is generally met with in the deeper parts of the loch, where there is at least twenty to thirty feet of water; and it stands to reason that he is not likely to be attracted from the depths by a paltry spinning bait, even if he sees it, which just scratches the water some eight or ten feet above his stronghold.

In great lake trout-fishing "fish deep" is as golden a rule as "fish fine" in ordinary fly-fishing; and to do this effectually a heavy lead—2oz or 3oz is not too heavy—must be used. At every cast the bait—which should be a large one—should be allowed to sink nearly to the bottom, and worked up to the surface by a series of short jerks, pausing perceptibly between each movement of the rod. The run, if it comes at all, will generally be when the bait is about midwater; and the moment the fish is felt he should be struck hard from the elbow, so as to ensure the hook being driven well home into his bony jaw, for unless this is done the fish will be infallibly lost. Opinions differ as to the best description of flight, but there can be no doubt that the worst is the old-fashioned Thames flight, consisting of four or more triangles tied one above the other in a row, which the tackle-makers invariably endeavour to palm off on the unsophisticated angler. For my own part, I prefer the tackle Mr. Pennell recommends for jack, with the addition of an extra flying triangle at the head of the bait, the great lake trout, when in the humour to take, being like a hungry pike, not readily choked off a tempting bait by an extra hook or so.

HACKLE.

Correspondence.

[The fact of the insertion of any letter in these columns does not necessarily imply our concurrence in the views of the writers, nor can we hold ourselves responsible for any opinions that may be expressed therein.]

THE VANGUARD AND THE IRON DUKE.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

SIR,—Please accept these few lines for your valuable Paper. Having seen so many different accounts about the Iron Duke running down the Vanguard, and not one of the accounts has as yet pointed out how the disaster might have been prevented. I have been in fogs at sea for many days and nights at a stretch with the flying squadron, under Admiral Hornby, the present Second Lord of the Admiralty, and have never met with any collision in a fog. We generally managed to keep in our station in column; but we must thank our Admiral for this, for when Jack was on shore he would be proud to speak of Admiral Hornby as the father of all the squadron, owing to his good judgment and discipline in all fogs or storms. I see that Mr. Monk (M.P. for Gloucester) stated that the Vice-Admiral and officers of the Iron Duke should have been put upon their trial for running down the Vanguard; but he must know that all orders have to come from the Admiral in command to the officers in command of the different ships of the fleet. His orders are generally attended to until signalled to the contrary. That is a well-known fact throughout the Navy, but sometimes better understood amongst able seamen than amongst some of the officers. For my part, I should prefer to be under many of our lieutenants in a storm or a fog for judgment and discipline, rather than some of our commanders or captains. In the first place, if there is anyone to blame for the loss of the Vanguard, who is it? Sir, allow me to point out to you and the public where I consider the Admiral in fault—namely, for not issuing orders to the fleet to fire a big gun every five minutes, commencing with the Admiral's ship, as the leading ship of his column, and the next from the leading ship of the other column, the third from the second ship of the first column, the fourth blank shot from the second ship of the second column, and so on until it has run through the fleet. After this number one commences again, and this is continued through the fleet until the fog begins to clear away. Had this been done, there is no doubt the Vanguard would never have met with the fate she has. Every gun is fired inwardly, so that we have a chance of seeing the flash, and the report of each gun gives to the men that are stationed to listen some little idea where each ship is. Never mind the cost of the blank cartridge; it would have been better than risking the lives of our brave seamen, and the loss of the Vanguard. Sir, the firing of a big gun every five minutes was carried out by Admiral Hornby, in charge of the flying squadron, in a cruise round the world. With his care and judgment he brought us home again. Surely any other Admiral in charge of a fleet could have used the same judgment in a fog. A fog-horn is very good in its place; but give me the report of a gun. Sir, with this I have forwarded to you a copy of a work, called "My Log," written by myself in the cruise of the flying squadron. Refer to the second, third, and fourth verses on page ninety-eight, and you will find we made use of the fog-horn and big guns as well. There are several hundreds of the Houses of Lords and Commons and Barons who have patronised "My Log," but none seems to remember reading about the firing of guns in a fog. It is a pity the Admiral did not take that precaution, it would have saved the Vanguard, and the feelings and prospects of some of the officers, also property belonging to the ship's company, who lost all they had; but the Government allowance can never compensate them in full. Sir, by inserting this in your valuable paper for the information of the public you will ever oblige,

Yours, most respectfully,

"My Log."

SALISBURY RACES will take place next year on May 25 and 26 (the two days following Bath).

THE STAGE AS A TEACHER OF TEMPERANCE.—The *South Wales Daily News* prints a letter from Mrs. Crawshaw upon "The Drama v. the Dram." Mrs. Crawshaw says that some time ago the *South Wales Daily News* opened its columns to a discussion of the drama as a means of counteracting the pernicious influence of the dram. There were plenty who disputed the power of the drama to do this; but she feels more than ever convinced that this is its true and noble mission. After describing in elegant sentences the play of "All for Her," Mrs. Crawshaw says—"To-night I hope to enjoy this grand play for the third time. I am thankful to say we do not see the execution. Surely such a play as this, if it were possible to put it before the masses of our people who are drinking their hearts out because they have no innocent amusements, would deter many an incipient drunkard."

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore in every case Grey or White Hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots where the glands are not decayed. Ask any Chemist for "The Mexican Hair Renewer," price 3s. 6d.—Prepared by Henry C. Gallup, 493, Oxford-street, London.—[Adv't.]

Hunting.

THE meet of the West Norfolk Foxhounds, on Monday last, at Mertaen High House, was made the occasion of an interesting ceremony. Upon the marriage of the Master, Mr. Anthony Hamond, some twelve months since, the members of the hunt determined to make Mr. Hamond a presentation, and with this object his portrait was painted by the Hon. Mr. Graves. On Monday the picture was hung in the dining-room, opposite a portrait of the great-grandfather of Mr. Hamond. The presentation was made by Sir W. Folkes in a brief complimentary speech, and was acknowledged by Mr. Hamond in suitable terms. A sumptuous luncheon followed.

Her Majesty's Staghounds met on the 5th inst. at Maidenhead Thicket. The day was unpropitious, and so, although it was the second meet of the season, the field was not up to the average. The hunting special brought down the noble master, the Earl of Hardwicke, and the London division. The special reached Maidenhead station about half-past eleven, the huntsman riding immediately to the thicket, where Mr. Goodall, the Queen's Huntsman, attended by Bartlett, Edrupt, and Hewson, had already arrived with the hounds from the Ascot Kennels. It was announced that on account of the recent floods the turn-out would take place near to Shollesbrook Park, and at half-past twelve o'clock the deer was uncared, and went away in the direction of Hawthorn-hill, and after an hour's run was taken in the neighbourhood of Bierfield. The going was exceedingly heavy, and there were many spills, but none of a serious character.

On Saturday Sir Harcourt Johnstone's hounds—which are in magnificent condition, reflecting great credit upon the huntsmen, Mr. John Hill and Charles Barwick—were put into covert in Forge Valley, in the presence of a large field of horsemen, members of the hunt and others who, with the prospects of a day's sport, were tempted to brave the very miserable weather which prevailed, rain falling heavily all the morning. Among those whom the correspondent of the *York Herald* noticed present were the master, Sir Harcourt Johnstone, Bart., Mr. Johnstone, Captain Sherlock, Mr. J. Dent-Dent, Mr. Hebdon, Mr. Digby Cayley, Captain Herbert, Mr. Rodwell, Mr. Cadman, several ladies, and a number of horsemen residing in the locality. The music of the pack soon gave warning that Reynard was at home in the plantation near the farm of Mr. Seth Leighton. His cunning, however, served him in good stead, for, getting a long start, he broke away in the direction of the Breckton Farm, Irton, where he took earth and was lost. Retracing the hounds were put into Leighton, Whin, where a rattling good fox was found, and he broke away at a capital pace to the racecourse and on to Raincliffe, where he changed his course, and stole away in the direction of Scalby-Cut. Owing to the recent heavy rains in this district the Cut was flooded, and the fox, after skirting the bank for about half a mile, hard pressed, took the water and crossed. Mr. Hill at once pushed his horse into the stream, swam across, and was soon afterwards heard cheerily encouraging the pack, they having soon again got on the track of the fugitive. Suffield and Millers Bank was the direction taken, round to the Gills and Silpho, doubling back to Hackness by way of Chapman Banks, and he was ultimately killed in front of the hall, in the presence of the guests and others present. The first at the kill was Master Darrell (aged fourteen), and he obtained the brush. This run occupied 1h 55min.

A FRENCH TOURNAMENT.

OLD times revived—not precisely as the late lamented Jemmy Shaw was wont to revive the pleasures of the past—but in a way that should at least rejoice the heart of that stanch stickler for feudal customs, the Right Honourable Earl of Darnley! The revival in question was a tournament, our picture of which may bring to the mind of the reader the vivid description of a like meeting of chivalrous knights in "Ivanhoe," whilst it may recall to others the memorable jousts, which took place at Eglinton Castle on Aug. 29, 1839, and the following week, when Lady Seymour was the Queen of Beauty, and the late Emperor of the French broke a lance as Dunois the Brave, or some other knight. Tournaments were abolished in France, we are told, in consequence of the fatal accident which befell Henry II. at a joust on June 29, 1559. In a tilt with the Comte de Montgomerie, the King had his eye struck out, and was seriously wounded that he died a few days afterwards. Tilting of the mildest possible kind—tilting at the ring—is represented in our Illustration of an "Eglinton Tournament in France." The actual scene of this tournament was Tournai, in which ancient town there used to be a "Fête of the Thirty-and-one Kings," as far back as 1330, when the Knights of King Arthur's "Round Table" were personified by the bravest cavaliers of the country-side. The tourney of the present year of grace was given for the benefit of the *inondés*, and the numbers were so large at the fête that the relief fund must have been considerably increased by this "Eglinton Tournament."

RICHMOND RACES.—A movement is on foot to establish an autumn race meeting at Richmond, to take place about the end of the present month.

STUD NEWS.—Cremorne will be limited to thirty and Parmesan to twenty mares next season, at 100gs each. Pero Gomez has been raised to 50gs, and Carnival and George Frederick stand at the same figure.

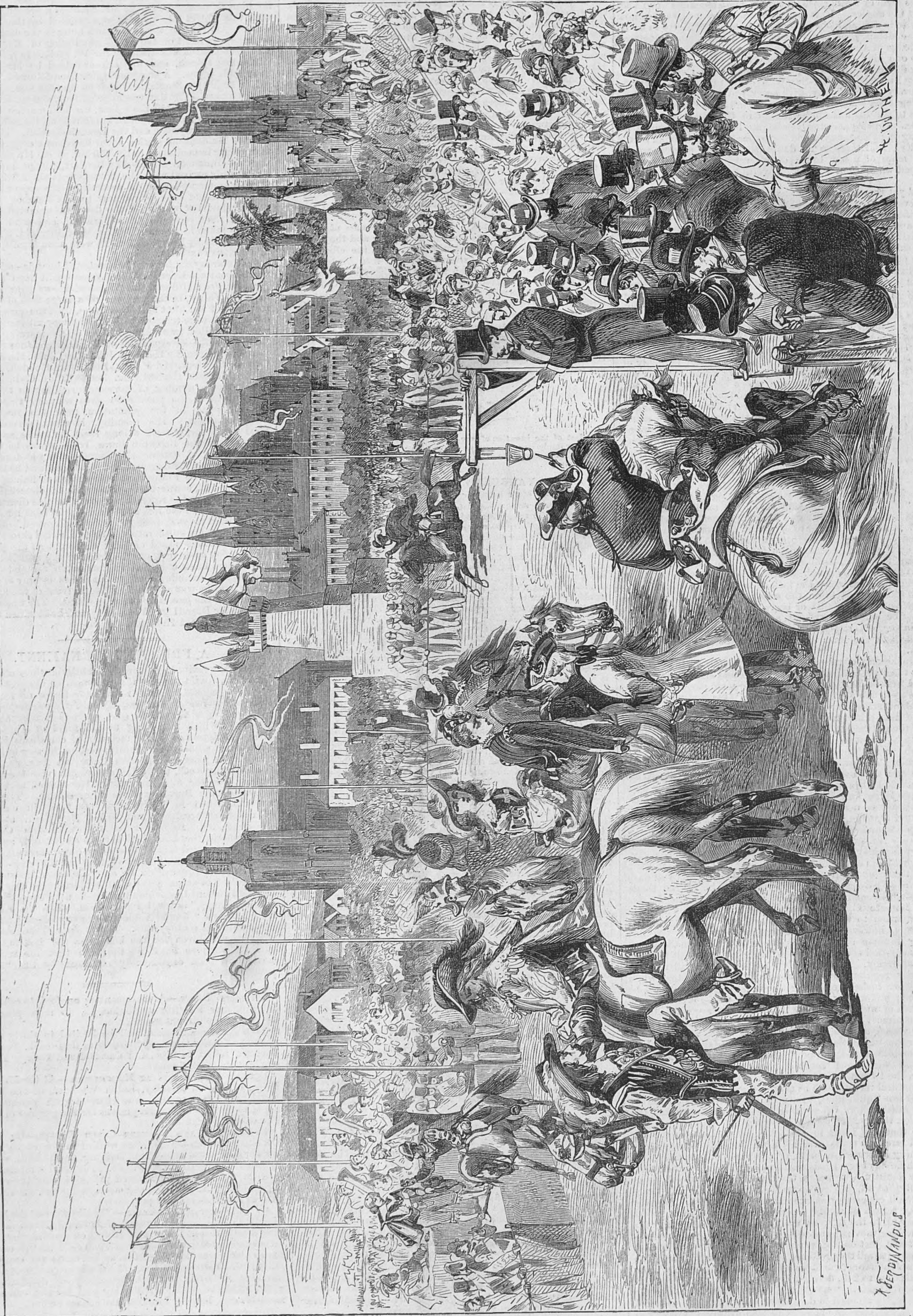
BETTING PROSECUTION AT MANCHESTER.—At the Manchester Police Court, on Monday, Ralph Winnard, of the Olympic Hotel, Stevenson-square, was charged with permitting his house to be used by certain persons for the purpose of betting. The case was remanded.

THE LONDON AND DORKING COACH HORSES.—On Monday last the seventeen horses which worked in the coach running last summer between London, Dorking, and Boxhill, were sold by auction at Messrs. Tattersall's. The team comprised some well-bred animals, and realised prices varying from 25gs to 75gs and upwards each—good average figures. Several were bought for cross-country purposes.

AN ELEPHANT AT BREAKFAST.—The directors of the Porte St. Martin Theatre and the authors of *Le Tour du Monde en 80 Jours* gave a breakfast at the Grand Hôtel, on Sunday last, to the artists to celebrate the 365th performance of that piece. Even the elephant was not forgotten, as he made his entry, with Mlle. Dica-Petit on his back, at the dessert, and walked round the table, appearing to relish immensely the sweetmeats with which he was regaled. After being well fed and caressed, he made his exit, leaving, however, the actress behind.

HORSES.—TAYLOR'S COUGH POWDERS.—In all recent coughs or influenza in horses a cure is guaranteed in a week or ten days. Sold by all Chemists in boxes, eight powders, 2s. 6d. each box, with full directions.

HORSES.—TAYLOR'S CONDITION BALLS.—"They possess extraordinary merit."—*Bell's Life*. "Try Taylor's Condition Balls."—*The Field*. "They are invaluable."—*Sunday Times*. "An invaluable medicine."—*York Herald*. "I have never used so efficient a ball."—*John Scott*.—N.B. The same ingredients are in the prepared form of powder, to be had of all Chemists, 3s. and 2s. 6d. per packet.—[Adv't.]



AN "EGLINTON TOURNAMENT" IN FRANCE.